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THE

MERCHANT'S WIFE;

OR,

HE BLUNDERED.

A Political Romance of our own Day,

AND OTHER MISCELLANIES.

BY

"A LOOKER-ON HERE IN VIENNA."

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1876.

With the author's compliments

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DEDICATED TO

MY PARENTS,

HONORED AND FAITHFUL.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE MERCHANT'S WIFE 1

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE UNITED STATES. 53

WOMAN 77

WOMAN'S WORK 85

MODUS OPERANDI OF GOD 95

SPECIAL CREATION POPULARLY PROVED BY INDUCTION 105

THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS 121

THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"They hatch cockatrice eggs and weave the spider's web: He that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper."

SEVERAL years ago, — it may have been converted into a restaurant, a *magasin de môde,* or a nunnery, for aught I know since then, — there stood in one of the aristocratic quarters of New York a handsome granite mansion, famous for social entertainments, and the notoriety of its occupants. Had it been your good fortune to possess a latch-key into this enchanted castle, you would have found yourself surrounded by all of the world that money and taste can afford ; you would have discovered the genii of the fair domain in the graceful personages of a yet youthful dame, with two lovely daughters — holding here a miniature court ; and if you had been a constant visitor at the house, the spectator of a long series of brilliant fêtes, you would never have so much as caught one glimpse of your host, the bountiful *commissariat,* — for the hand which kept in motion so magnificent a panorama of living life remained unseen ; the unlimited supply of gold which furnished the mint, issued itself

in a coinage bearing no impress of the sovereign image. There was one name never heard within those sumptuous walls, and that was the name of a master. There was a queen, but no king; a wife without a husband; children too wise to need a father; a widow, neither in weeds or mourning.

Pray, where *was he?* the absent *propriétaire*, the unloving husband, the estranged father.

About his business — toiling in the mint — living at clubs, *stealing up area stairs* to a room in the fourth story which was his only resting place in all that vast pile, dedicated to — Society.

. . . . . .

Once a year, *Monsieur dine* (we cannot say *chez-lui*) *chez sa femme*, — and this one dinner falls on that one day in the year when 'tis neither fashionable to dine elsewhere, or to dine anybody else, — and this particular Christmas Day fell in a dreary snow-storm of the year 18—. Let us slip in with the north wind and peep behind the scene of a domestic curtain, whose thick and ample folds have much to hide. Every family, every dwelling, every life, has its drop-curtain, and little we realize while contemplating the unruffled surface what tragedies are being played out behind. Picture to yourself an octagonal room, lighted from a dome through which gas-light is now streaming, softly tempered by azure, silken curtains. The walls are hung with amber-colored velvet, and in the several niches stand black marble pedestals holding famous female busts in Carrara; the carpet, of thickest Axminster, is opaline-tinted, and meant to represent water, with white and pale yellow water-lilies waving on the surface. Upon the chimney-

piece of jasper stands a malachite clock in the form of a pelican, and on either side are smaller pelicans in lapis lazuli, and tall candlesticks of oxidized silver, gem-studded. The clock hides its face under a wing of the ill-fated bird, and unveils only on the low striking of the hour (time is not counted by minutes with the idle). The only picture is a rare copy of a Watteau, and rests upon a bronze easel of exquisite workmanship. A black servant is just entering to replenish the smouldering hickory logs, and light waxen candles. Beautiful flowers — *des étrennes* of the day — fill the old china vases, and crown and garnish a marvelous crystal side-table, which contains, as well, a fresh *bonbonnière*, a volume of poems, and a gold vinaigrette. A pellucid fire-screen veils and reflects the flame in lambent waves, athwart marbles and velvet hangings and delicate tapestries. There is the swinging of a censer — and a subtle, intoxicating perfume fills the air with ethereal essences — such as alchemists of old distilled from elixir of life. . . . . The room is again vacant,— silent (save a muffled beating of that pelican's heart, and the soft purring of ashes), — warm, odorous, beautiful, waiting. Hark! there 's a flutter as of pinions; or is it the rustle of some woman's garment, the trailing of skirts along the halls? Behold! she comes, she nears, she enters. See! as she passes through the *portière* and slowly traverses the room; observe the tall and stately form, and artistic robe of ruby velvet gorgeously draping it. Look, while she stands before the Venetian mirror to fasten one white camellia in a braid of chestnut hair, how well the green leaves set off that string of diamonds about the shapeliest of throats! It is a regular face you see reflected there, a handsome face — *fine*, but not intellect-

ual, nor tender, nor true. Involuntarily one shudders whilst he admires and admires whilst he shudders. Could Catherine de Medici have looked like that; but what need — did not the tender-mouthed Cenci murder her own father?

My lady is a fair representative of the American type, and more than a fair type of its representatives, — a female type deemed by some the most beautiful, and by all, the most unique. My lady is well preserved at eight and thirty; but what marvel, — should not woman be at her best in the zenith of ripeness and autumnal fruitage? . . . .

It wants some few moments to the hour of dinner. She seats herself in a state-chair of carved ebony and amber satin, carefully adjusting the folds of her regal dress, — coquettishly poising a slender Louis XVI. shoe upon the cushion at her feet, — and then proceeds to look over a set of tablets, and *a small account book.* The expression of the fair, chiseled face does not change, — *fine,* half smiling, somewhat calculating, but it should be precisely the same bending over that volume of poems near at hand, nor does it alter or falter at the sound of a light and familiar footstep. She rises, as her guest enters: you start; what, you expected somewhat different? Not a handsome man in his prime, a thorough gentleman, and crown of men? You did not think to hear a voice unlike the sound of any you ever heard, ringing out, more like music filtering through your senses than the cadences of human speech, — "I wish you all the happiness of the day."

"The same to you," extending a hand; that hand which belongs to him, and he barely touches now —

"and so many thanks for your generous gift, *my dear;* it was just what I desired, a new set of point-lace flounces" (as if this fact had not been duly communicated). You start again, — such suave politeness, and smooth unconsciousness was unlooked for? What, were you looking for a scene? — a scene in the twentieth year of fashionable married life in the nineteenth century? You surprise me. There *may* have been scenes, and heart-aches, and severe struggles, and hours of mad anguish, but they are all over now, worn away by the lapping of time which eats up everything. There is nothing so dead as a dead love which has passed through various stages of existence to die a natural death. It is only a love buried alive that shall come to life again; or the murdered love whose ghost reappears in a new form, — hate, malice, revenge. Believe me, there is no peace so lasting as one for peace's sake; especially when it was signed after a long war. . . . . The conversation glides smoothly along between husband and wife; several eligible offers of marriage for the eldest daughter are made known by the mother; a trip to Europe in the early spring on the part of *ces dames* is spoken of, along with the question whether the owner if not the proprietor of the Newport villa might choose to occupy it.

"I think myself it would be the better plan to rent it. The M——'s are coming home for a couple of years, and would be very glad to take it, and pay a good price. Mrs. M——, knowing I purposed going abroad again" (the first *he* had heard of it), "has written me to that effect. The remittance could be made through their banking-house in Paris, you know."

"Arrange that part of it to please yourself, and as for the other, I should not go there."

"Poor Elsie is suffering with *migraine*, and begs her dear love and excuses. Her thanks for the lovely bracelet she prefers to offer in person." (Elsie's neuralgia is proverbial, and being interpreted means repose for broader flights, — a ball, perhaps, on the morrow.)

A scarcely perceptible smile of scorn passes across the beautiful face (the faces of some men *are* beautiful) of the childless man, but he suppresses it wearily. Was it worth even that? What could you expect with such a mother? But Elsie was their first-born, and when she was very, very young, and baby-talk and ways could not disclose the nature of his child, — he had loved her. Ungrateful Elsie!

Dinner is announced, while at the same moment a pretty, graceful girl trips into the room with that gushing ease of manner (one of the mannerisms of the day) seemingly so real and really so artificial. "*Dear* Papa" (offers a cheek) "what a stranger you are, to be sure; such a naughty man to stay away, but such a handsome and young Papa" (stroking the beardless chin) — "no *other* girl has such a Papa!"

(Pauline resembles Mamma even more than Elsie, in whom he used fancy to discover traces of himself; he is not likely, therefore, to take the flattery or caress for more than they are worth.)

The parent turns, and bends his melancholy Spanish eyes upon the girl, young, and fair, and tender, at his side, — and she, his daughter. You had not thought those eyes could grow so cold, and with a look rarely seen in the human eye, and which is the result of great fires burned out, never to be rekindled.

They are a remarkable couple as arm in arm they

slowly descend the massive stairway, Pauline following with a diminutive fancy terrier snapping at her heels. She sees her father knit his brows (for what is more *agaçant* to a sensitive ear, and this man is as sensitive as a woman), and offers to send the dog away : it is always safe to present sacrifice to those who never accept any ! The thought does not escape him ; his daughter might have dined without her pet one day in the year, — but the fulsome nuisance is endured.

The dining-hall is a long, lofty room, with a conservatory for plants opening out of it (you hear the cool splash of a fountain), whilst a splendid *buffêt*, loaded with plate, occupies the space at the other end. The walls are curiously composed in part of huge panels of ebony ; oil-paintings on canvas ; and thick mirrors, each panel being set in a broad gilt moulding ; and above and below ran a superb frieze carved out of wood, and richly gilded, — the work of a distinguished artist. The picture, are fine specimens of fruit and game ; copies of Murillo's Neapolitan and Spanish scenes ; scenes from mythology and the poets. The draperies and Japanese screens are scarlet ; and the sunlight may fall in colored shadows through casement windows over a tesselated floor. The effect of this *salle* was most *bizarre* and imposing, especially when, as now, flooded with the hundred wax-lights in the great crystal chandelier.

The dinner, of course, is served *à la Russe*, a low mound of flowers covering the centre of the round table. The China service is one the father of Madam's guest brought from India, — and would prove a small fortune to a bric-a-brac merchant. The respectable English butler began his apprenticeship in a duke's

household ; the two footmen are of African descent, and their green and yellow liveries bring well out the sable hues as the sable hues bring out those of the Circassian. (The merchant's wife understood artifice.) The repast itself is faultless, even to an exquisite adaptation to the tastes of those present. What a wife's heart remembered not, the woman's tact could never forget ! He remarks this, and goes back to those days when he was wont to be touched by such little attentions and conformities to his desires and idiosyncrasies, — not so much for the comfort they enhance either (and men like to be comfortable) as the motive he thought to detect in the doing. He had long since learnt that like offices are the very easiest and poorest services of love ; and he had learnt as well how similar results may be obtained with no such pretense. . . . . In this same unfortunate ignorance of the world and the world's women, he was led into that more unfortunate blunder of his life. Ah, he had fancied there was more in this world's philosophy than there is ; and had made the woman he married one of its high-priestesses ! . . . . He had to learn later how shallow is that science and her aims, and how numerous her scholars. How easy to acquire and fathom this mundane wisdom ; how full of tricks and chicanery that petty game, called Society ; how hedged in with all the glamour of royalty is man, and how poor and commonplace when you come upon him in his nakedness ! Above all, he has come to realize the rottenness and mutability of Fame, with all her myrmidons of power and pleasure ; and how small a portion of it will *count for anything* in another world ; and finally, turning his back upon it all, has taken leave of her forever. . . . .

The last course is ended — and my lady dips the slender tips of rosy fingers in a silver bowl — thereby giving the signal of withdrawal. . . . . The merchant has risen to open the door for his wife and daughter to pass. One inclines her head. The other (so much *more* false can this young generation be) playfully exclaiming, "Don't be long!" The master of the house seats himself at his own table with a vague presentiment that *they two* have sat there together for the last time. He pushes back the untasted glass. There have been times when at such a moment he might have remembered a prescription of the wisest man, "Give wine unto those that be of heavy hearts," — but he knows all the wine-vats of Bordeaux could not drown *his* sorrow, no more than Araby's perfumes sweeten *that* little hand. . . . . He looks about the magnificent apartment, — fraught with memories of the past. It was *here* his mother sat (how her tender heart must bleed even in Paradise) — and *there* he conducted *her* the day he brought her home his bride. (Did he love her then?) From yonder casement he used, when a child, to watch the doves in the court-yard below and throw to them crumbs of bread, his beautiful mamma bending over him her fragrant presence. Never, never did he go to the window to feed the white and gray doves, after she was dead. Ah, the griefs of the man began e'en in the heart of the boy. . . . . As he mechanically cracks the nuts he does not eat, and his mind slowly calls back wandering visions out of space, he perceives a picture amidst that surrounding gallery of art, never-seen there before; a smile almost Satanic curls the handsome lip when a quick eye discerns its subject. 'T was the famous scene of the *Lorelei* upon canvas.

"Strange that *she* should hang that here! Have I, has any one, to be reminded of what the singing of the Lorelei has done for this house? My God, my God! Aye, is not this world filled with these Lorelei? — "Dove la donna," should it not be declared of every dilemma, every sorrow, every tragedy under the sun!"

A great passion wave is slowly creeping over the calm surface of the man's face; a black cloud of wrath and remorse gathers, while with raised and clinched hands he hisses out a terrible curse upon the Lorelei of *his* shipwrecked life. . . . . "That *she* could suffer as she has made me suffer. I will, I *will* have my revenge. It could do no good now — *no good* — 't is too late — too *late* — but, ... for shame! Am I fallen *so* low as to think of revenge upon a — *woman*! Heaven forbid. . . . . Once I longed for it; God, how I longed for it — as wounded men on battle-fields thirst for drink, or the slave pines for his liberty. Not for revenge's sake, but for what, *perchance*, it might have brought. . . . . But, Christ, let me not think of what might have been. How different this life, that is now only waiting, weary waiting!" (Big drops stand in beads across the ruffled brow.) . . . . "It is an awful thought when but one step lies between misery and happiness in this world, and that step is, the one of another's going out of it. . . . . Aye, but that other more awful thought, *nothing to live for*. Few friends indeed has a man, when the only one he ever expects to meet again on earth is that unknown ghost from an unknown world. . . . . We can be cheated out of all else but — Death. O then, release and releaser come!" . . . . (The cloud has broken and passed.) . . . . "What o'clock is it? Quarter to nine. I must say

good-evening. They 'll be coming soon — the fawning parasites — the well-bred fools. Let me not meet them, — that 's all. . . . . I suppose I should remain and look after my daughters. Ha ! ha ! rather late in the day for that. I should have considered my progeny when I considered my wife. You can't expect violets to grow on a thorn-bush. Leave such women to look out for themselves, — they 'll do it anyway, in spite of you. They can't very well lose what they never had — and there 's no danger of broken hearts, by Jove. . . . . O woman, what canst thou not do and undo with a man ! what a power is thine to make and to mar, to curse and to bless !" — and drawing a small miniature from his breast our hero gazes long and fervently — until every line of that disturbed countenance relaxes into a soft and languid ecstasy. " Oh, my love — how long — how long !"

What is called the drawing-room becomes again the scene of our little drama. The dramatis personæ remain as yet the same, and there is no change of scenery, unless you are able to discover a slight *refraichissement* in the lovely face of my lady, who is enthroned in her favorite fauteuil toying with some sort of ornamental Penelope work. Miss Pauline, curled up on a causeuse, is steeped in the charms of novel-reading and that other charm of bon-bons eating. Fido happily sleeps.

The merchant enters.

Once (the different phases through which this connubial history has passed would fill volumes) he would have intimated with some show of sarcasm, and felt it too, that, as it was the reception-hour he would take his leave ; or, during a later formation of the domestic strata,

might have alluded to the same with a playful raillery he did *not* feel, — now, he simply and coldly asserts, "I have an engagement at the club and must bid you and Pauline good-night." . . . . On the other side, there was a time when she would have feigned regret, that he tarried no longer, possibly with an artistic curl of the lip at the mention of an apology so much abused. Now, she only rises and extends that hand which has swept away from him success, happiness, life; that hand which has received so much and given so little; offers it as if it were stainless as *his* honor, and *her* good name. . . . . This time he does not see it. . . . . Is his mind already somewhere else; or does he think of the deep river of wrongs flowing between! . . . . He bows and comes away.

CHAPTER II.

"Hast thou done fearful evil? Thou must bear evil as fearful."

SOPHOCLES.

OUR hero lights a cigar before stepping out of a side-door into the back street. Let us follow. He *does not take the direction of the club*, but makes for Broadway, striking it at Fourteenth Street, and walks down on the east side. 'T is a bitter night, and the traveller draws well down a soft hat, and settles himself into the ample seal-skin coat. He has become almost unrecognizable. All of a sudden he turns into a side street, similar to Bleecker, for instance. On and on he walks, to stop at length before an old brick dwelling-house, apparently one of the few in that neighborhood left to its original destination. He is looked for, for the door opens before the echo of footsteps has ceased. He swiftly mounts the steps, passing through a dark entry into a room on the left. The person who remained concealed behind the door, now appears. It is a man, seemingly a domestic, who after taking his master's coat and hat, replies to several questions, and retires.

Again, the homeless man is left alone a second time in his own house that day; and again in a room fraught with memories.

'T is a quaint, old-fashioned apartment, wearing a time-worn and dingy aspect; but a cheerful fire blazes on the hearth, and the huge brass andirons are carefully bur-

nished, as well as the brass candlesticks holding lighted tapers. An astral lamp is burning on the round table, which contains numerous well-chosen books and a woman's work-box. The lid is thrown back, and you can see the small gold thimble just as she left it (not quite cold perhaps), and the needle stuck into a mended glove. There is a piece of unfinished work,—*a child's little knitted shoe.* The piano is open, and a sheet of music upon the rack (a love song), one page of which is turned, but not the last ; the singer stopped singing before the end. There are fresh flowers (doubtless compliments of the season), but they are all white, and mauve, or other funereal tints, — such flowers as we gather for the dead, and send forth that aroma we associate with death. (Odd fancy to offer these dismal emblems for the birthday of immortal life.) The dark wainscots are enlivened by one long mirror, and two paintings (portraits), and so marvelously done they might pass for Lely's. They represent the same person at different ages, childhood and early womanhood ; or is it *mother and child?* How beautiful they are ! Is it a fancy, the eyes seem to be alive, and follow you about the room ? and again, is it a fancy that those of the child look out reproachfully, oh how reproachfully ?

Hark !

"I hear the rustle of her garments,
Her light step on the stair !
She stays without, perchance, a moment
To dress her nut brown hair.

"O fluttering heart ! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me !"[1]

[1] Bayard Taylor.

(*'T is but the wind.*) Our hero walks over to where the portrait of the woman hangs. . . . . He kneels before it, gazing up into those benign, downcast eyes, beaming rapture and tenderness into his, — as you have seen St. Augustine, in some of the works of the old masters, adoringly meditating the Virgin, being borne on clouds out of sight. Or, as a great poet contemplated a star, which represented to him his "Mary in Heaven."

> "Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
> Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?" [1]

In the tableau before us, both faces portray suffering, martyrdom, — but *triumph*. The face of the man resembles that divine one of St. Sebastian, in Guido's famous picture of the Martyrdom. He turns, after awhile, one glance upon the child. Who could bear the reproach of those guileless eyes. . . . . It was the child, not the woman, upbraiding. There stands by the table an old-fashioned arm-chair: if you were to disturb its cloven feet, you would discover it had not been moved for many a day. The tapestry coverings are faded and dim, but how dear to him who passes across tenderly a lingering hand. . . . . 'T was here she sat when he with love's strong arms strove passionately to hold her back; to grasp at a radiant, departing light, flooding the darkness! . . . . But all in vain, — strong in its purity, faithful to him and to Heaven, it enveloped its object in one great and eternal flame and passed out of mortal sight forever.

. . . . . .

"O, my Love! My Love!" — and he rests the weary head in the old hard lap, and big tears water the faded

[1] Burns.

flowers. . . . . Again the wind rattles the shutters and flickers the lamplight, and sighs through the hall, — and the old memories come back to him, and he listens as of yore.

"And still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

"And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

"She tarries long : but lo ! a whisper
Beyond the open door, —
And gliding through the quiet . . . .
A shadow on the floor !

"But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before ;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er." [1]

The merchant of this story was the son of a merchant well known in business circles throughout the world, seventy years of active life having been spent in India ; he came to New York to establish a great business house in that city. He was a reserved man, and little is known of his origin outside the fact that he was the son of a New England farmer. The possessor of millions came accompanied by his young wife, of whom, it was said, in connection with her beauty, that the children in the streets would stop their play to look at her as she passed

[1] The writer has let a poet tell the story, in pathetic words, of another's love.

by in her carriage. The newly married pair occupied in almost unbroken seclusion the spacious house already made known to the reader. In due season an heir was born, and to this child and the father of it, and to her religion (she was a Roman Catholic), the wife and mother and *dévote* consecrated the remainder of a short and uneventful existence. That boy came into the sad inheritance of *no mother*, at the tender age of seven years. Over the very threshold of life fell a rare vision: Worship of woman! It followed him from the cradle. Sad was the havoc that idolatry made. (Are not just such idolaters easiest blinded to the false in women?) After his wife's death, the East India merchant becomes more and more of a recluse. The noiseless wing of death leaves the home even more silent and meditative than before. The boy, from boyhood up, shuns the society of men with all his father's shrinking; and the enthusiastic tutor who fitted the youth for college knew scarcely more of an actual world than the lad himself. Thus he grew . . . . The natural hero worship, and ambitious dreams of our young compatriot were stimulated and fed in boyhood by the reading of Plutarch's Lives and the Commentaries of Cæsar. "Over these books" (for pigmy heroes may recall giants), in the words of a critic on the greatest dreamer of glory who ever lived, "he spent his days and his nights, until they became woven into the very tissues of his character."[1] . . . . So much explanation was necessary, as will be seen as we go on, to show how what we call chance or circumstance may serve to prepare the way, and a man — for an end. . . . . We find

[1] See article "On the Bonapartes" in *North American Review* for January, 1873.

Hamlet at the university, studying not so much for present honors as future honor, ever with an eye to that beckoning star beyond, — and that zigzag, shining path of fame he thinks to discern in the distance. From a boy, he *meant* to distinguish himself, — and that is what *makes* marked men, or, as it were, marks them from the onset. Said England's present Prime Minister to the listless ear of the Commons, "You *shall* listen to me one day!" — and it *has* listened; and Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) *claimed* the treasury, for he had "served up to it, and *would have it.*" If there were more of this spirit kindling the breasts of humanity, there would be more Disraelis and Gladstones, more Fessendens and Chases. . . . . "What are you doing?" inquired the father of our hero, seeing a light late of nights in his window. "Writing speeches." "Pray, to whom?" "To the most important body of the world, the Senate of the United States." . . . . From whence these ambitious dreams of the solitary boy? He had never known a great man, or a scholar, or a gentleman. He was ignorant of society and her sirens. There had been no mother, like the mother of the Gracchi, to point outside of that limited sphere in which he was born; and he had the misfortune to belong to a nation where it had become neither fashionable nor popular to serve the State: a country where the foremost men in her are content to sit down *under a bad government, thereby deserving no better one;* a community of philosophers and scholars, resembling that foolish Greek of old who refused to have anything to do with the management of public affairs until they should be better managed.

It was near the close of Hamlet's freshman year when

he met *her* who was to be one of the movers of his life. She was a very young girl, — the daughter of a professor, likewise, — sole child, and motherless. Both were children — two dreamers — two Babes in this Wood of ours, wandering hand in hand through nature's forest, and the voluptuous paths of spring-time ; two doves with the lovely iris deepening ; two lives sipping one another ; two souls growing into one ! Adam and Eve before the fall : but can there be any Paradise ? shall not a serpent in some form or other come creeping in ! . . . . During the summer recess our student meets with a signal loss, — a personal loss to his heart — an irreparable loss to his career. . . . . The father in dying receives from the lips of his son a promise to discontinue his university course, and enter forthwith upon the active duties of the great house which he is to represent. . . . . Some men begin with poetry and philosophy, to end with politics : it had been better for this man of America, as with the man of Sedan, to have eschewed the latter and followed the former. . . . . Cæsarism is Utopian in the present age. To worship heroes is better than to enact them. Cæsarism is barren. . . . . During the first two years of business life, the young merchant devotes himself wholly to business, — and no mean man of affairs either is our ambitious dreamer. . . . . About this time the university professor dies, and his daughter comes to live with a maiden aunt in New York. . . . . Hamlet has no companions now, no friends save his beautiful child-love. No haunts, or recreations (his evenings were spent in his library), but to pass one out of the seven in that dingy parlor which *she* made Paradise. To this hegira he looked, and carried the thought

of it about like a fragrant talisman — or as we bear in our hearts floating moneras of coming events. To *her*, it was no *part*, nothing to take up and put down, to remember and forget. It was the whole. All else was only waiting, and yet she served ; all else but sleeping out the great gap of time her Antony is away. . . . . It must *needs* a week, to live out the memory of the last look, the last embrace. . . . . Every word he utters must travel a thousand times through the busy brain. She cannot pass where they had sat without a sensation of love's faintness. . . . . She cannot touch the door-knob, a book, some trifle upon the table, and not feel her pulses thrill. . . . . Even the dress she wore is fondly laid away, that the air may not steal from it that subtle perfume of his presence, which, like Alexander, she fancies him to shed abroad ; — from time to time repairing thither to inhale the celestial ether, and live over again those intoxicating hours. . . . . The postman's rap (they *had* no visitors) startled her with the wild fancy it *might* be *he*. . . . . It never was. Those dull, daily rides through dirty city streets, in a coach lumbering after sleepy horses, with a deaf companion — were elysian journeyings, since she was continually peering that bright head out of the window, at some imaginary resemblance to *him*. She never so much as once (poor child) was not deceived ; but the idea was as real, and she fed upon it, and was nourished by it, as alas, another shadow filled up the whole substance of existence for many a fruitless year ! . . . . All *that day* Miriam bore herself like a crowned queen, — only she could n't look like one, — queens' faces are rarely so radiant with happiness. . . . . In her passage to and from church she looks out

with a sort of compassion. The street-beggar, and the fashionable belle with a numerous escort, are all alike in her eyes ; for they have not *him* — not her happiness, her glory (beautiful, short-lived queen of sorrow, she remembered this when there 's not one so wretched as to envy her). . . . . At the evening meal, when the trysting hour draws near, how the poor hands tremble as they strive to make the good lady's cup of tea — her own remaining untasted. . . . . She cannot swallow for the fluttering in her throat. . . . . Eight o'clock is the hour ; and though it were the hottest night of mid-summer, you should find Miriam enveloped in some sort of wrap, — *she shivered so* — foolish one ! . . . . This was Love's chill, which Love's sun soon warms away. . . . . These lovers had met alone from the beginning ; and it was not until an impassable barrier stretched between that they met in the presence of others. A great injustice towards the girl, a misfortune for the man ; for no woman can judge whether she is more or less to a man than other women, until she has witnessed how he treats other women ; and no man may trust in his strength to lose a woman before he has witnessed the slipping away from his grasp. . . . . Ten times more in love, than all else, do we value lost treasure.

Some apology would now seem necessary for our hero.

Can you understand that a man may love a woman too well to marry her, — that is loving himself better, — and by himself we might mean destiny ? And must we not wonder at a man that in the heyday of youth will deliberate, struggle, and finally relinquish what we count happiness — for duty — *name* it Fame if you will ? Who

flees the sweet enervation of love, to pursue in the cold orbit of glory? What if, in so doing, he must needs sacrifice a human heart upon the altar of his ambition — *call* it what we may? Will not true love sacrifice itself for the beloved? Did he not honor her by believing she asked for his glory, though he must win it without her?

She forgave him. We may all forgive and pity now, for the awful Avenger has repaid.

CHAPTER III.

IN the last chapter the end was foreshadowed. Let us unwind the ball of events. Hamlet is now a member of Legislature, — and pretty well known throughout the States, as the wealthiest bachelor in the Republic. Such a reputation in these money-days, set out with confused tales of romance and eccentricity, soon make the *lion* of a man. . . . . But still the isolated young girl remains his only friend, and the parlor in —— Street the one domestic threshold over which these chary footsteps stray. . . . . How is it all to end? — for men forsake and go back to a first love; they are the sudden and second loves which are not eternal. . . . . It is the first attachment of youth which entwines itself within the heart-strings. The perfect palm may be felled, but its root does not die, ever and anon pushing out green tendrils to keep it immortal, though it may never bloom again in mortal soil. . . . . Now comes that mighty helper of Fame in all ages — War's propitious goddess. The aspirations of boyhood, the ambition of youth, were to be realized — glory lay before Hamlet. How rapturously did he contemplate the open, though bloody way! With what promptitude was a cavalry regiment raised and equipped at his personal expense. Of course the commandership is conferred upon the young American — and what a proud and noble day when he rode down

Broadway at the head of all the troops which left his native State that day. There was not a man, woman, or child, in all that vast crowd assembled along the line of march, who did not gaze with wonder and admiration upon the handsome cavalier, the munificent patriot, the noble young man going forth from their midst, to fight for them — for Liberty and God. "Long live the King."

Two women looked at him "from their bower-eaves." The one, with a proud thrill in her soul, and a terrible inner-light of anguish on the death-white face. The other, with a flushed cheek and a resolve in her eye.

The one thinks on the cold touch of lips but a few hours before (the only farewell taken of woman); the other murmured, "'T is the hero of my country, and I will be his bride."

In that hour "the evil eye" lit upon our Launcelot. In that hour the bow was bent, whose arrow was to pierce both heart and life. . . . . Ah, better for him had it been cannon shot from the enemies' mouth — from the jaws of Death. . . . .

On the other hand — thrice unhappy the woman who loves not only unwisely and too well, but like the moth has set her affections upon a star. She will not be likely to discover much light in lesser luminaries. It is unfortunate to have learned to look upon the high places of earth as our birthright if we must eventually inhabit a different domain. Louise de la Vallière was unable to love one of France's noblest subjects because she had loved her king.

After the first battle Hamlet is breveted a Brigadier-general, and after the third, where he proudly distinguished himself, is elevated to the rank of a Major-gen-

eral. He is in fair way of reaching the topmost round — for this was in those dark days when our glorious Army of the Potomac went begging to beggarly commanders. . . . . At the zenith of power! when lo, the fatal bow is loosed, and cleaving the air like a dart from Hell, the arrow comes. *It had reached its mark*, — but for a time rankles only in the flesh; there is a struggle — a period of doubt — a vague foreboding — then all is over. . . . . Our Lucifer has fallen! One of America's great generals leaves her army in the midst of war to wed the daughter of one of America's great statesmen. . . . . Has the man of ambition proved to be the man of pleasure? Was it the history of another Antony? Or has Cæsar but sheathed his sword to don the toga?

The lady whom Hamlet married was, let us remember, of powerful connections, and she herself peculiarly fitted to make a public servant a useful wife, and not, it would seem, that impulsive child of genius, jealous and impatient of what fame must bring. Nor could Hamlet remain unmindful of his own lamentable ignorance of the *modus operandi* of politics and society; and too proud withal to seek counsel of men . . . . but a *woman* — the bearer of his name and fame! . . . . Alas! that our hero should have so overrated the value of Red Tape, — and — *his wife.* Alas! for that most dire infatuation which blinded him to the flaunting net into which the statesman and his daughter were softly and deftly drawing him. Himself alone unaware of *how* he "had blundered," — and bought with a great price what he never was to obtain; but there are men both impregnable and inapproachable to warning! . . . . There are men who, looking to the summit and not the surface of affairs,

do not pause to analyze: what is in the distance they perceive or think they perceive; what is close at hand they overlook: visionary schemers, they frequently bury the real underneath the ideal, and their poor interpretation of human character deprives them of this most powerful of auxiliaries. . . . . Fine speculators but poor executive agents are such men. Such a man was our Hamlet.

These are, it is true, the common characteristics of the *synthetic* order of mind, — being after all the highest, — but what we might term the most *oblivious* and the most egotistical; for what is egotism but an intense presence of the *ego ?*

So much for the man of ambition; now for the man of pleasure. The woman Hamlet married was very beautiful, and woman was beautiful to Hamlet. . . . . Who *could* have resisted so charming a teacher — so fair a Fame's colleague? . . . . When he might find leisure to love (and he knew what love was), behold his own delicious domain. . . . . No danger of *her* loving him too much. . . . . He realizes one day that there is danger, as well, in not being loved enough.

Perhaps in after life the bitterest drop of all his cup was the perpetual one of remembering he prepared it for himself. Perhaps the cruelest remorse, that of having discarded what possibly, very likely, might have won for him the game he had lost. . . . . There are natures incomplete, so to speak, in themselves, — *negatives* they are termed, requiring the presence of a magnet in close proximity. . . . . There are natures, as well, which if forced out of their own proper channels, weaken or stagnate. . . . . But Mr. Emerson has explained all this too well not to pilfer.

"Men are helpful through the *intellect* and *affections*. *Other help* I find a false appearance," says that mighty analyzer of human nature. "There is a power in love to divine another's destiny better than that other can, and by heroic encouragements hold him to his task. . . . . 'T is hard to mesmerize ourselves, to whip our own top. . . . . *Concert* fires people to a certain fury of performance they can rarely reach alone. It is so easy with the great to be great." . . . .

CHAPTER IV.

LET us now return to her whose wrongs have been crying out all this while. . . . . We may not seek her in the old place, — truth is stranger than fiction. When the familiar scenes had become unbearable, and the old life extinguished forever, another panorama opens before the sad-eyed vision ; a new existence and new faith comes to awaken new life. It came about thuswise : years before, when Miriam was a small child, her father chanced to be on board a Mississippi steamboat at the time of a serious disaster. An English officer, stationed in Canada, and accompanied by his wife and daughter, were amongst the passengers. There was great confusion, and the life of either mother or child must inevitably have been sacrificed had not the American taken charge of the little girl. The debt was never forgotten, and an intimacy sprung up between the two parties. . . . . When the news of Professor ——'s death was communicated to Lord and Lady ——, then living in England, a messenger came across the Atlantic to bear back the isolated orphan into the pleasant bosom of an English home. But all the wealth of the Indies, and all the royalty of Windsor, could not have then allured this lovely Aphrodite from her elysian shores. Britain's queen was no object of envy to those mystical eyes. . . . . Words have been put into poor

Miriam's mouth which I do not believe she ever uttered. "I would rather be the object of *his* love than any other man's wife," they said she said; but, indeed, Abelard himself was not more beloved! There was never such another Heloise!

When the fiendish blow fell, it was even more the cruel shock than the grief which struck her. . . . . She had not looked for this. She was willing never to have been his wife; *but to give him up to another* — she had not dreamed of that. . . . . She shed not a tear, or uttered a moan, or one complaint (to whom *had* she to look for sympathy), but wearily crept into her couch and turned that beautiful face, which in one brief hour had grown ten years older, to the wall. . . . . "Shut out the sunlight and leave me alone, I want to die;" was what she said and all she would say for weeks and weeks; thus she remained, taking only a morsel of bread or drink of water. The thoughts, which like invisible combatants fought and struggled in the girl's mind during that awful period, no mortal will ever know; but at the close of the seventh week she arose, bathed herself, and putting on customary apparel, appeared to the astonished household looking like a ghost, but in her right mind. . . . . The chrysalis of the soul had burst open its prison-house of the senses, stretching out strong wings upon the pure buoyant air of Liberty. The intellect, for the first time, was awakened. *A soul had been born.* A woman was saved.

Let us chronicle two entries made in Miriam's diary on the day of her resurrection: —

"I *know* that my love loves me, and we shall be reunited one day.

"I can wait.

"It is this, strong as my belief in the Eternal and His Wisdom, which keeps me from despair, and nerves me to become worthy of him when, in this world, or some other, what matters it, he shall come to claim his own."

In the following, it is the woman, not the *soul*, which speaks: —

"He shall learn that she whom he repudiates — a world acknowledges."

In less than two months subsequent the preceding event, we find our brave heroine crossing the "watery way" in one of those "hollow ships." . . . . The intermediate weeks have added flesh and beauty to the well-made form, and everybody on board, from the American Minister, going over to his new post, to the sailor at the mast, is casting admiring glances on the handsome, forsaken girl. . . . . Miriam occupies a cabin with the widow of an English officer, who is glad of her company, and glad to do her English friends a service. . . . . Whose daughter she is becomes speedily known when once the name of a celebrated American scholar and author is pronounced; and *cela va sans dire*, that the *affaire de cœur* with the hero of —— (whose betrothal is still one of the topics of the hour) offers an eternal dish to the end of the sea-voyage — that most scandal-feeding of occasions. . . . . Decidedly, Miriam was the *lionne* of that ship. . . . . The women pity the lovely flower, nipped in the bud, until they *envy*, and then they would have buried it in a meadow if they could. . . . . The men take up the cudgel of her wrongs against her slayer, as men are wont to do, forgetting their own transgressions. . . . . The object of this *éclat* and hom-

age accepts it without vanity (women of that stamp are unacquainted with vanity, the prerogative of weak women), but wholly without surprise or awkwardness. A woman who has once been loved feels it not unlikely she shall be loved again. A woman who has once been loved by a distinguished man feels it not unlikely she shall be loved by other distinguished men; and both history and actual observation would seem to bear her out in this little expectancy. Look at Cleopatra, only losing one Cæsar to find another, and a conqueror of Cæsars; remember that indefatigable successful Frances of Walsingham, for whom Sir Philip Sidney begat an Essex and Clanricard; and then a host of lesser luminaries in narrower orbits and nearer cycles. . . . . There 's witchery in the very fame of the famous to gild all it lights upon. Believe me, be a woman ever so plain, or ever so uninteresting, let her name be once coupled with that of some celebrated or royal personage, and to her dying day the world shall be able to trace in her certain marks of mysterious beauty or cleverness. . . . .

Three years have passed away since we accompanied the fair refugee and exile across the "watery way." Behold her now again sailing in a "hollow ship," this time, the prow turned homeward. . . . . Very attractive women, like Miriam, up to a certain age, grow more attractive as they grow older. The beauty is richer, the grace perfecter, the charm subtler. . . . . Also time spent amongst the best bred and best cultivated (I use the word despite its horrid vulgarity) classes, both of England and the Continent, could not fail to leave an impress upon a mind and imagination singularly im-

pressible. You feel directly you are conversing with a *grande dame* (for great ladies are not born but made, if there is proper material to make them out of) ; you recognize it in the inflections of the trained voice, — in every perfect motion and attitude. You soon become aware you are in the presence as well of what is born and cannot be made, *i. e.*, a "personal ascendancy," that "only great phenomenon." (Why is Mr. Emerson forever taking the words out of my mouth ?) You perceive this in an indescribable sincerity and earnestness of look and manner, — in that occult power which personal ascendancy always wears. . . . . Miriam went away unknown — a wreck — a waif ; she comes back with the prestige of having refused in marriage (we novelists have to make mention of such things) a British earl and statesman, a young barrister fit for the woolsack, and a foreign diplomat ; of having made a sensation at more than one European court, and of having written a successful book. . . . . This last I beg affirm with most grave doubt, being skeptical as to the possibility of a *perfect* woman being a born author (and there had n't been time to make one). I certainly protest against such a theory. In Heaven's name, let woman, when she may, be more than a stenographer and amanuensis of life ! Let her not stoop to pick up the crumbs which fall from its table. Let her make history and not write it. . . . . But it is, methinks, very much due to these *inverted* lives which the world is full of, to these frequent missings of the real, that the fields of literature are so rich and teeming, that the pictures in her imaginary galleries are so life-like ! That the author might make the present one as faithful — but it is impossible to paint Miriam !

Such a *wholeness* out of a thousand combinations, — the strength, the beauty, the sweet scent of a forest of charms. . . . . I have spoken before of that "personal ascendency," which, in her, I can only compare to the effect of a "beauteous day," which should never weary or wane. . . . . I have heard people complain of this perpetual high-noon, and full-tide, so to speak; and of an absence of "restfulness" in the society of this restless soul, which would make itself felt, as a grip of steel is felt, under that velvetiest of gloves — Miriam's manner. . . . . The great *are* uncomfortable reminders; — and exhaustive magnets. They compel us to draw a long breath, as before Nature's grandeur; and we cannot be quite our little selves at the feet of these human mountains. . . . . Those fine human anaglyphs make deep incisions if we come in contact with their edges! Human nature at large is but wax under their signet.

I like to remember my ill-fated heroine (as it is my privilege to do so) during her bright passage to America, whilst we were weaving in imagination a crown of laurel for her brow. . . . . I remember one little incident as if it were yesterday. A party of us was standing on deck watching for the first glint of the approaching city. . . . . There she lay! . . . . Turning to look at Miriam, we found those tawny eyes veiled by their lovely lids — underneath whose raven lashes big tears were falling gently down. . . . . For a moment no one spoke or presumed to look — then *she*, in that incomparable voice of hers, made even clearer by its tears — uttered some commonplace remark concerning the harbor — but we knew all the same, she had wept over *her Jerusalem!* . . . . We romancers take note of

such things — and I apprehended then the tragedy was not yet ended. . . . . During the parting on the wharf, this grand creature unhooked a charm from her watch-chain and gave it me. I wear it now as a precious relic. . . . . She was nothing to me, — more than a character for a book, — but I had conceived an undying and morbid attachment for a woman, who, though ever kind and generous towards her sex, *seemed never to care for their society.* Yet she managed to win their affection, and generally to restrain their envy, — perhaps the latter on account of not hunting often in their ranges.

I like to remember my heroine during that brief reign of a Hundred Days, when Europe-mad New York was at her feet, and powerful patronesses vied with one another to receive *her* patronage. . . . .

It was thus they met for the first time, — *the woman he loved* and the *woman he married.* The despoiled and the despoiler, the conqueror and the conquered, — her conqueror now. . . . . The vow had been accomplished ; all the revenge she asked for was hers. . . . . But poor compensation such bootless victory, such empty, desolate glory ! . . . . More, even, than that loneliness of the great, which only the great *can* know was that of Miriam's. . . . . No one of her blood (and with some natures no other ties are equivalent), and a bar-sinister across what is beyond kin and friends and fame to a nature like hers. . . . . Thus they met again. . . . . It was a chance encounter in a crowded *salon.* There were some brief exchange of civilities . . . . touch of hand . . . . crossing of glances, and the story was told.

Like Irma, she would flee temptation and her king ; like Irma, the very thought of loving and being loved with

a love that is sin fills her lofty soul with humility and horror; but unlike Auerbach's fine creation, she seeks not seclusion and inactivity, — to bury herself and her fault upon some mountain top, amongst whose divine solitudes and dumb utterances she shall commune with Nature and Nature's God, until her troubled soul is serene enough to go back to Him. Hers was not a passive, a submissive, or weak nature; she could face suffering, and combat with it, and bear the weight of heavy crosses, and not sink; but they must be active, living sacrifices, — the fires of the martyrs, the fatal wounds of the soldier, — rather than the death of the cloister, the stoicism of the philosopher. . . . . Nor did she fear she might not handle fire and not be burnt; but what she thirsted for in her delirium was more sacrifice, that constant drinking should assuage her thirst.

A twelvemonth before, a little book on the Japanese had fallen into her hands. . . . . After hastily perusing it, she argued to herself thus: "These people, the most civilized of heathens, now desiring a new and higher language, will care one day for a new and higher religion; Buddhism, one of Christianity's great tributaries, shall eventually bear its votaries thitherward." . . . . She never knew how she came to the final decision (God knows); the inspiration dawned upon her like as a vivid flash of lightning momentarily reveals the landscape for miles around, — the distant hills — the far off sea. . . . . She would *become a missionary ! ! !* (Voluptuous-formed, bronze-haired Miriam a missionary !) . . . .

Once she permits him to come and see her in the old domain of their love and happy life; and once again, to say farewell. This was on the very eve of departure

(one Christmas night); she was to set sail the following morning under the escort of a young missionary and his wife. . . . .

Now the reader will understand how Hamlet came into possession of the red brick house in —— Street; it passing, on the death of the spinster, to her only heir and kin, and disposed of (by private sale) to its present owner, the proceeds being dropt as an *amende* into the missionary box. . . . . Thus it was that everything was permitted to remain just as she left it — just as it lay in the sunlight of her presence before the shadow fell across it forever, at the going down of the sun! . . . . The music upon the rack (the last note she ever sang); the chair in which she sat when she gave to him her parting blessing and her parting embrace in that awful hour; the child's shoe (a bit of charity work); the portrait, painted for him, as a last gift from her who had given him long before her heart. The child was a copy by the same artist of an early miniature painted by Miriam's mother. . . . . This gentle, but poignant stab being the only one the proud woman ever condescended to give her lover!

I was a spectator at Miriam's last public appearance, and before that anomaly of going to Japan was thought of (I might explain it was not the intention of our friend to be wholly connected, and under the supervision of the Missionary Board of Foreign Missions. She eventually became the founder and principal of an educational institution for the youth of both sexes). . . . . This was a dramatic reading at one of the fashionable drawing-rooms in New York. . . . . I think I have already spoken of the wonderful *timbre* of the heroine's voice — not a com-

mon inheritance with us Americans, especially accompanied by a trained ear. . . . . She read from the most captivating of plays, "Antony and Cleopatra." . . . . She looked (with her rich Oriental skin) her part every inch a queen and woman herself. . . . . She acted (it was rather a performance). . . . . Well, it is my life long regret not to have seen Mrs. Siddons and Rachel ; but I have heard Ristori, and Favart, and nearly all the living "stars," but I never witnessed anything like *that !* . . . . Every one was taken aback save he to whom she played, and who doubtless remembered her in those actual rôles when she must have eclipsed any assumed one. . . . . I think she excelled in the third scene of the first act where Cleopatra twits Antony with the manner of taking his wife's death. "Can *Fulvia die ?*" That one word Fulvia uttered volumes. . . . . Then again, —

> "So Fulvia told me.
> I prithee turn aside, and weep for her;
> Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
> Belong to Egypt ; good now, play one scene
> Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
> Like perfect honor." . . . .

I believe the subtle rendering of the above passage was never surpassed ; but even more effective the following words, through which, each syllable, most exquisite meaning tintillates. . . . . The hero of many a love's conflict exclaiming, "You 'll heat my blood : no more." Cleopatra continues, you remember, "You can do better yet ; *but this is meetly.*" . . . . Hitherto we have thought only of the world's famous sorceress — that creature of "infinite variety :" but it is in the last scene of next to the last act that our hearts become filled with

a pathetic wonderment at the woman before us . . . . This culminates on Miriam's sublime utterance of that most touching of monologues : —

> "Noblest of men, woo't die ?
> *Hast thou no care of me ?* Shall I abide
> In this dull world. . . . . O, see my women,
> The crown o' the earth doth melt. *My lord !*
> . . . . *the odds is gone.*
> And there is nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting moon."

CHAPTER V.

THEY have been married five long years or more; and Hamlet has delivered his speeches in the Senate Chamber; but the political marriage was a failure, both to the statesman's daughter and to the political dreamer. The former credulous of the capabilities of her husband, and desirous, it would almost seem to be so, — has directed her own energies and hopes towards the fulfillment of a fond dream which was dissipated forever on the death of one who could not survive the knowledge of its delusiveness. . . . . Love for her father was the one strong point in this lady's character; faith, rather one might say, in that father's power to reach the pinnacle of America's goal open to every male-born citizen. It *was* whispered the gallant widower ventured at one time the thought of conferring the White House honors (in embryo) upon another's fair head; but the right-minded daughter put a stop to that forthwith and forever. Very natural on her part, — and certainly monstrous for an affectionate father to have thought of such a thing.

I have said Hamlet finally addressed the live Senators. He no longer has that high principle now. No more than would the Commons listen to Disraeli, would the Republican Peers listen to him —and *his* constituency had neither patience or the mind to keep him there long

enough to learn either statesmanship or oratory. . . . . Perhaps he could never have learned either ; but, the last I think — yes ; the first — never ; for it is to analyze and to follow the Times, not to originate and to lead, which makes the statesman. There is much good oratory which is born, but more (such as Demosthenes) that is manufactured and better. . . . . And moreover, Hamlet had in his natural possession two telling attributes, *i. e.*, as the French express it, a *sympathetic* voice and appearance. It should be with him as with Clay and Chatham — the man, rather than the orator, was charming you ! . . . . Apropos of the speeches, and the state of domestic affairs at that time, I may favor you with an anecdote.

Shortly after the Senator's maiden speech, which *did* maddeningly disappoint both his lordship and his lordship's friends, — Madam was present at a celebrated debate in the Upper House.

The Senator's wife sat with her customary inimitable grace, — condescendingly drooping those wondrous eyes over the body below until the member from Massachusetts had concluded, — when she slowly arose and passed out into the corridor, becoming speedily the centre of an admiring group. . . . . Her husband had observed her exit, and hastened to join one whom he ever treated with marked politeness. . . . . "Is there anything I can do for you ?" . . . . "Nothing" (the Massachusetts member had not taken the lady's party side of the question), "but go in there and make a speech, — and that, you *can't* do." . . . .

Such conduct was not calculated to be very appetizing or wholesome to a morbidly sensitive man. . . . . I heard an eye-witness of this painful scene aver, he "pitied

him as he, speechless, crept away." . . . . (It is an awful thing when you have to *pity* a *man* more than a woman, do you know it?) . . . . There is another nuptial anecdote of this ambitious couple which may interest you. . . . . On another memorable day in the following long session my lady comes down to the House of Senators, looking from her place in the galleries like some haughty lily bending its head, and sending forth a sweet fragrance. This time she has come to listen to her own husband who has been speaking for several days, and better than formerly, only with the rankest revolutionaryism, — with the most startling reflections, and constitutional heresy. . . . . (What constituency *will* stand that!) For three days Hamlet has been at work *digging his grave;* preparing a place where, howbeit in the end, those who are "before the age in their theories and behind the age in their practice," [1] are sure to find themselves. . . . . He is about to throw out the last shovelful, when he abruptly pauses, and looks towards the galleries; he has previously pointed to the sores upon the Body Politic and Financial, and sighed over the ultimate condition of our country; he now delicately and gravely hints at a more vital corruption, and shrinkingly exposes the "decaying *heart* of the Republic" (I quote from the Senator). . . . . No matter all he said. . . . . But it was like a hot cannon-ball hissing into the Chamber. . . . . Fathers, brothers, husbands were outraged . . . . and there was a general imaginary leaping of swords from their scabbards, to the defense of the American women, — to the defense of the insulted queen of the Capitol. . . . . You have been very patient, sensational reader. You shall have your

[1] Buckle.

reward now. . . . . That languid humility of haughtiness (the fashionable pose of the period) is abandoned. . . . . Some women are glorious in wrath ; the lily was not : its face now bolt upright on the stem is reddening fast, and begins to look like the face of any other angry red-faced woman. . . . . For almost the first time in her life the statesman's daughter has dropt her mask (she is no longer lovely) ; and as she clutches at the lace shawl and quickly struts up the narrow *calle* (her seat had been in the first row), you are at loss to know how she could ever have won that encomium of "*la grace personnifiée ;*" an eye-witness from the corridor laughingly remarked, "I believe, 'pon honor, she's capable of hitting him with the coral stick of her parasol." . . . . But the best of it all was Hamlet himself had not thought of his wife in his speech, — being in that *exalté* frame of mind peculiar sometimes to intense natures, which disdains personalities, and loses itself in mid-forest of grand themes ; certainly, he had no idea of offering the public a cap to crown him with : and he was the last man unwittingly to heap reproaches upon women, when he had borne more than any other from one, just because she *was* a woman. . . . . Yet he who was their friend made them an enemy. . . . .

Kindly permit one retrospective glance before letting fall the green curtain on the public life of one whom you are thinking so little fit to have been made into a hero ; *perhaps* — but believe me there is no man of his time in his country who threatened such a reputation. . . . I like to think of those "days which are no more," — when careful students of men and history thought to discover (it was no trick of my pen) a resemblance between our hero and Napoleon. There was the same ec-

centricity of manner and of dress: that belief in a destiny: that antagonism for the lawyers: a custom, so to speak, of cloaking himself and his movements, in a veil of mystery, — all of which, his enemies maintained, was assumed, in order to suggest the great original. . . . . Poor Hamlet! his manners *were* not very modish in the beginning: but he grew into a gentleman, which, from all accounts, his great master never did; his Josephine *did* do him one service; for poor Miriam to her dying day would never have sought to change them, believing with Aspasia that fine manners are not an essential livery of genius; "the movers of our souls," she said, "have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated." . . . .

The life in Japan lasted a little less than four years. It had been a sacrificial, but successful one, wonderfully so. . . . . But the strain both mental and physical was too much for the nervous system of one whose existence had long been stretched upon the rack of feeling and suffering. The wonder was how that harp of a thousand strings kept in tune so long. As the sudden flight of birds, Miriam disappeared from mortal sight, — and to that imaginative, superstitious nation, so mysterious seemed her death (she was in the act of teaching a class of converts when the golden bowl was broken) that no living influence might have accomplished the work of this supernatural one. . . . . What pathos in the thought, that nothing in the life of this noblest of women was ever of so much value to her fellow-creatures as the leaving of it!

There had been no correspondence between the two.

It was to be a final parting on earth. These last death kisses were for eternity. . . . .

There is one more scene, my reader. It is just four years ago to-day that I had the honor of making your acquaintance. You will remember the place, and the occasion, and the people. Neither are changed, with the addition of another member of the same family. . . . . The Merchant's Wife and Daughters arrived from Europe the other day in the Scotia. . . . . It is their first meeting with the head of the house other than a formal greeting on board the steamer at her wharf in Jersey City. . . . . After customary civilities, the wife, still standing, takes up a newspaper from the table and presents it to Hamlet, accompanied by the words, and she smiled while she uttered them, "I think you'll find something to interest you," — pointing then with one white finger to the obituary notice. . . . . Her smile, for it was so natural a one, had disarmed him (tricked to the last!) *but he reads on to the end* — the color, ebbing — ebbing from the stony face — and the sensitive mouth writhing piteously; then, our hero lifts his blood-stained eyes, and looks straight into those of his wife, *for the last time.* . . . . . She saw her mistake. . . . . In the coarseness of her nature she had failed to know there are indelicacies impossible to forgive. . . . .

He spoke not a word, but letting fall the fatal missive at her feet, passed out of her mortal presence forever. . . . . Hereafter all business between Man and Wife is transacted through lawyers. . . . . Nor was it the ex-senator, but the dead statesman's daughter, who shortly after the events just recorded signifies her desire for an amicable disagreement (her professed plea being that one

of desertion), with the insignificant proviso of an enormous alimony. . . . . One of the daughters is fashionably married ; the other makes her home with her mamma, who sold the house in New York on her own marriage with one of princely title and princely person. You may find H. H.'s name in the Almanach de Gotha, at the head of one of those ex-reigning families whose principalities have been seized, and whose fortunes are not princely. . . . . They inhabit, during a large portion of the year, a palace in Vienna, still in possession of this noble family, and well known to tourists, but for a long period untenanted by its representatives. . . . . Rumor pictures the American princess the happiest of the happy ; beloved of her husband, and adored by her new subjects. . . . . Moral — women are happier and *better* women in a sphere best suited to their characters and temperament.

CHAPTER VI.

"Aye what is knowledge among men? Who dares call the child by its true name? The few who have known somewhat of these things, who foolishly did not keep a guard over their full hearts, who revealed their thoughts and feelings to the people, these from time immemorial have been crucified and burned." — GOETHE (*Faust*).

THE merchant of this narrative has left his merchandise, and gone back to the rural home of his ancestors, where amidst books and that illuminated volume of Nature *he* is passing a life congenial to him. . . . . With other charitable and philanthropic deeds he has adopted the orphaned son of an old friend, and means if he lives to give him an education and training which shall lead him to avoid those stumbling-blocks and pitfalls so disastrous to *him*.

The consecrated house in —— Street remains yet in his fond possession, and when semi-annually he goes up to the great city of America for a week or more, he makes it his home. No longer a shrine of pilgrimage or altar to burn incense upon, for he is now at peace with himself, with man, and God; and though he looks forward to a meeting with his beloved, and the time of waiting often long seems, — he knows that Art is longer, and Time, at best — how short! — and he would not lessen these days of preparation and probation in the flesh, if he could.

O my masters, how true it is, — "*The world knows nothing of its greatest men.*"

. . . . . .

[The author has received permission to add to his own another's portraiture of "The Merchant's Wife," — done by an abler hand, — before that female Alcibiades had taken leave of her Athens.]

Mrs. X. . . . . If we match the success of a life to its aims, I know of none which bears upon its frontlet more the appearance of success than the one of which we speak. . . . . Of how few lives may that be said! For how few are satisfied with their lot or themselves. Perhaps their desires overleapt their deserts, and they attempted more than they were able to perform. This one was humble, and content to *hitch her wagon* to earthly loadstones. It was for *mortality*, only mortality, she asked. In the course of a few years even in their own country, the fame of such women passes away with the fashions they set, with the generation they delighted.

Women like Mrs. X. are proud of their dominion and sceptre; and looking from *their* point of view, it is not strange they are content, and never weary of casting their beautiful eyes across the sunny landscape stretching down to the horizon, beyond which their vision strays not. . . . . Their joyous lives are as the singing and swimming of birds, the *légèreté* of butterflies, the wantonness and perfume of the flowers. Their tears fall like the drops of the rainbow, and are dried up with the first sunbeam. Their loves resemble the seeds that "fell upon stony places, where they had not moist earth: and forthwith *they sprung up, because they had no deepness of*

earth; and when *the sun was up* they were scorched; and *because they had no root* they withered away."

I should distinguish Mrs. X. as belonging to that order of persons (and it is a large one) who suggest more than they fulfill! You are forever looking for something which is never *forthcoming*. They were likely to have touched the high-water mark, during your first interview. There remains forever after in your intercourse with them an unsatisfied void. You discover before long an absence of the *true ring*, for which the true listens. You discover tact, but not tenderness; pity, without sympathy; a certain kind of sentiment devoid of feeling; a romantic temperament, but not poetic; a sensuous nature free from ideality or emotion.

I shall mention the one great flaw in this lady's system, because it is a flaw in the systems of many, *i. e.*, a self-sufficiency, or narrowness of vision. To make one's self not only the centre, but the source; to be deficient in that power of seizure and appropriation of such signal service to original minds; to be slow to acknowledge superiority for fear of belittling one's own, — all, offspring of personal vanity, which with prejudice are so fearfully crippling to human nature and human plans.

The *manners* of Mrs. X. have been characterized as too mechanical, stereotyped, stilted. One knew always what to expect. There were no outbursts of naturalness or savor of sincerity. The charm of the *woman* had been greater, if the charm of the artist were less, or if the artist had concealed her art.

Now these qualities are the very ones to be desired on the part of one who plays the rôle which Mrs. X. pretended to play, *i. e.*, that of leader or teacher in Ameri-

can Society. A lesson must be oft repeated ; we must know the rules of an example if we are to do it easily. If we are to catch a true foreign accent, it must be from the lips of one who falls short of dead perfection — by over-doing it, for our benefit.

New beginners in drawing copy from models and representations before they attempt nature.

Again, there is that manner which is apparently no manner at all, but the most impossible to imitate, being the very alcohol of manners through a long distillation. That repose of muscle and movement, secured only after much discipline and gymnastics — as we learn to dance that we may walk or stand. The careless seat of Victoria's Guard is a sample of this. Which manners might not, perhaps, be quite recognizable *as* manners at our Republican Court. "*Style* we know, but pray what are ye ? "

Then, exceptional, unique, inimitable manners, — that "*don de familiarité*" which only a few rare persons can assume without vulgarity, these if not indistinguishable must certainly remain inapproachable as a *common standard.*

Of the personal appearance of Mrs. X. I should suggest that encomium of Napoleon's upon his divorced wife : "*Joséphine était la grace personifée.*"

A grace less supple and tropical than that of the Imperial Creole, but there 's a poise of the head, a chaining of the neck, a lightness of foot, a charm of presence on the part of the North American, all her own, and perfect *in its way.*

There's a certain stateliness, which is not royal ; an

electrical power which does not magnetize — these are hers.

It is the beauty, not the fragrance of a flower, you are inhaling.

Looking at that far-famed face, you muse a little space, like Launcelot, for, with all its coldness and cruelty and weakness and selfishness, you are forced to admit,

> "She has a lovely face;
> God in His mercy lend her grace."

Finally, women like Mrs. X. are deprived of genius, to be crowned with talent, that charming, and far more superserviceable gift. Ah yes, but are they not after all, by the side of a woman of genius, like the wax doll which the maiden puts away at the approach of — Love!

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE UNITED STATES.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

IN THE UNITED STATES, AS COMPARED WITH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ABROAD.

AMERICANS, as a nation, — even amongst so-called cultivated classes, many of whose lives are mainly devoted to fashion and social visiting, — are absurdly ignorant of the rules of etiquette, are slipshod in manners and speech, and indifferent concerning their duties, if not their inclinations, to Society. In a matter like that of visiting-cards, for example, it is a common occurrence with us to use them minus that title of gentleman and lady, supposed to be their natural appendix. And I think it is only in America where a gentleman writes, or sometimes even prints, his *autograph* upon this traditional bit of paste-board; and it is only in America where marriage and death notices are so illy expressed by the unlettered and often by the learned.

What makes the dropping of titles as well as the non-existence of a more uniform *ritual* on specific occasions so singular in the United States is a punctilious use of the same on all ordinary occasions.

I shall cite just one instance of a lack of *savoir faire*, to say the least, in the simple case of addressing a letter.

My eye once fell upon a wedding-invitation in the

card-receiver of a friend with the following superscription: —

"Miss —— —— and Gent."

It will be necessary to explain to very many readers that the *gent.* referred to was the betrothed of the young lady, and — a clergyman.

I am not so ignorant of my country-people as to be led into the gross error that there is not a numerous class as conversant with etiquette as the British Queen herself; but I doubt if there might be any one in all Europe knowing enough to read and write who could be guilty of so rank an impropriety as the above. Yet this occurred only a few years ago, in one of our most modish cities, and on the part of persons of aristocratic connections, and opportunities of knowing the best usage of nations.

. . . . . .

I have made use of the term *Society* in a specific sense, as applied to the general society of the upper classes. I do not refer to a Bohemian manner of life, or to literary and art coteries, where lawless genius holds erratic sway, and brooks no conventional ties, and *needs* no special guidance. "The hero," says Mr. Emerson, "is suffered to be himself. A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured as long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him, — an immunity from all the observances, yea and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members."

But the bridle-rein of originality may not thus be loosed over the neck of ordinary mortals; the great small of earth cannot be left to their own whims and devices,

if we would preserve beauty and harmony in the social camp. We should not expect *Sociology* to advance faster than *Politicality*? Whilst there 's need of Government-*organized*, there will be need of Society-*organized*. The red tape of the one must be of a corresponding nature with the red tape of the other, or an absurd incongruity is manifest.

The rules of Society should be stationary and common, thereby regulating the qualifications for membership. A man who finds himself not at home in a position, *whatever it is*, has no business to be there. And after all there are no other qualifications for Society worth considering.

(Nature manages that thing better than we do. She does n't endow a duck with fruitless longings to reach the mountain top ; or give to the eagle proclivities for a duck-pond. Frogs are happy creatures under the cool hedges and amongst the fragrant fens (not a bad lot after all) ; who should have the heart to drag them into the dust of a highway or entice them within the precincts of a well-kept public park? The very sight of these unconscious amphibious animals is loathsome to some, yet why expose the one party to annoyance and the other to humiliation, perchance an ignominious death ?)

Assuredly in a country so pretentious — so exceedingly pretentious as this — in her private palaces, and "floating palaces," and "palace-hotels," and "palace-cars ;" with her rottenness of extravagance in *luxe* of dress and life, and the magnificence of her parks and public buildings and churches, and the royal splendor of mammoth entertainments and every-day *ménage* at home, — one naturally looks for an Old World national polish as well, which one does not find !

It is a pity we make such imperfect copies of so much that is good in the Old World, and copy at all so much that is worthless, leaving out in the main the fundamental idea and chief merits of the original. We are quick to furnish ourselves with the instruments, but do not seek to draw out their music. We bring away the rind, and leave the fruit behind.

We are ambitious as regards the stage and scenic effects of our social drama, but pay little attention to the excellence of the representation.

I wonder at our short-sightedness and hideous vulgarity. But why should I wonder that an Old World looks on and criticises?

And yet we are neither a short-sighted or vulgar people, and 't is our own fault if we lay ourselves open, and justly, to criticism.

Ability would fail me, if this were a proper place to go into all the variety and complexity of causes. I shall only mention the one that is uppermost in my mind as the reason why, *as a nation*, we have failed to reach a standard of social training and culture to which our intelligence, morals, literary attainments, and wealth should entitle us, *i. e.*, we have too much confidence in ourselves and our own way of doing things.

In our spread-eagle hurry and go-aheadativeness we catch at everything that comes within reach, and, without stopping to analyze its nature, appropriate it to surroundings and uses for which it was never intended. In short, we Americanize it, and in doing that, spoil it. . . . . A large class of Americans spend a year or two in Europe, knowing more of the shops and *cafés* and public places of resort than of her art-galleries and schools

of learning or legislative halls, having learned scarcely anything of the people themselves; and after having taken in through semi-barbarous eyes a bird's-eye view of matters and things, come home, for all the good it has done them, except in bodily health, and that the climate and mode of life will do in spite of the *national bird!* no better than when they went.

We are a great and noble and powerful nation and in numerous and various ways, which only those who have *lived* amongst other nationalities can fully comprehend, are in advance of all others, and let this fact be cited as one of the proofs of our greatness and unparalleled progressive development!

But there are yet wholesome lessons, much good taste, and seasoned wisdom which we may learn at the feet of an old and time-honored world.

'T is a mistake, in my opinion, to consider an Englishman imbued with greater national characteristics, more inflated with national pride, than any other man. It is not John Bull, but his cousin several generations removed, who is the most prejudiced, the most bombastic, the most nationally conceited of human beings.

John Bull walks quietly through Paris, and is content to enjoy it. He is balancing in his own mind its merits and demerits against the merits and demerits of London — awarding to each equal praise in its own way. Not so with the distant of kin: *he* darts curious, hasty glances around, but his eyesight is disturbed by visions which are floating across the water; and should he happen to be an American of the vulgar type, and given to the use of slang, he will very likely tell you that *Europe is a fool to America.*[1]

[1] Not that I would imply we are a nation of slang; on the contrary, one

I was once standing with a compatriot upon one of those bridges of glorious Kensington, looking towards Hyde Park beyond, and Park Lane behind, and all London around, with the sullen Serpentine winding in and out at our feet, and the smothered roll of distant carriages humming in our ears, as it suggests the ceaseless heart-beat of that vast city of man; with the sheep browsing over the hills, and the dim Marble Arch, and Wellington Statue, and Apsley House in the distance, and the rich, velvety turf, as if fresh from the Creator's hand every morning, and that indescribable golden haze of a London mid-summer day dropping a gossamer veil over all, — to me (but perhaps I am prejudiced) the most impressive, because, with all its memories, the most suggestive scene I know, and turning to express something of the sort, "'T is n't equal to the Park!" broke from the lips of my companion. "Park! why this *is* the Park — Hyde Park!" "Oh, I mean *our* park — Central Park."

Could anything be done for that man! Perhaps I owe it to our country at large to say that I do not believe any but a New Yorker, and a young New Yorker, would have made the remark. — Heaven forgive him, for *I* never can.

HOW EUROPE IS AMERICANIZED AT HOME.

The habitation, we will suppose, is a palace in extent and magnificence, and more than a palace in comfort, for palaces are not always the most comfortable of dwellings.

There's a long retinue of servants; composing *chef-de-cuisine,* butler, footman, etc., etc. Both *ménage* and *menu* are on a grand scale: one might fancy one's self at

hears much more of the vile stuff even in English good society than in American society of any grade.

some duke's or crown prince's ; only if you were to peep below stairs (of course exceptions are numerous) you shall find no housekeeper or steward, — Madam, herself, presiding in the office of each (an unprecedented proceeding in other countries, in — *palaces*) ; the consequence is the chatelaine becomes a slave to the castle-keys, and if she is a slave to Society as well, what a life !

It would be more economical, and far more reasonable I should say, even in smaller establishments, for our women to employ such offices and give their own time to other things. It is well known, in domestic economy and ordinary *savoir-vivre* of life, there is no civilized nation so wanting as ours ; nowhere do the cares of housekeeping press so heavily, making it sheer drudgery, and causing many a gifted woman to be a household drudge. Now, it is a very superficial solution of the matter to attribute the existing evil to inferior service. Whose fault is it that the service is so poor ? Certainly not that of those who serve, any more than 't is the fault of our children to be untrained.

The use of pretentious, open, dress-carriages, *without a footman* to manage the heavy doors, is exclusively a custom of our own. It being considered in that case in better taste on the other side, to employ a victoria or brougham.

Liveried servants often become caricatures in this country, both by reason of their liveries and the manner of wearing them, as well as the manners of the wearer.

There's a family, in a city I know, whose men-servants sport cockades on their hats, *which they fail to touch* when addressed by their master, himself in a slouch hat, or on receiving orders from my lady at the carriage door.

The inappropriateness of toilet is equally defective.

Ladies of means and position, in Europe, except on country roads, or at places of summer resort, are rarely met with on foot; yet those costumes which were created for park and lawn-party display, for carriage use and drawing-room carpets, are to be found in our churches, — are to be seen trailing along our streets.

Then, our American girls and women come home from Paris bearing about their persons evidences of having been strict copyists of *môde*, but, with a few rare exceptions, giving no indications of having thought of copying "la vraie Parisienne" in grace and finish of manner and motion.

Nor need they have found access into the *salon* of an ambassadress, or into that even more *recherché* circle of St. Germain, to have found such models. They might learn something from the little *gantière* who fitted them with six-button gloves; and a great deal from that class more cultivated than any other by our fair countrywomen; *i. e.*, the *conturières* and *modistes* of Paris.

Again, as a sample of customs and tastes peculiar to Americans. In other lands a well-born lady, of limited means, would forego rather a toilet such as is worn according to corresponding surroundings only, than deprive herself of the services of a "lady's maid." I fancy the American lady would feel the loss of her fine gowns more than of that comfort and propriety so indispensable to a European.

. . . . . .

I have ventured the remark that we Americans, as a nation, are careless in manners and inelegant in speech. We often hear it said of one, He or she has "company

manners," not meaning it as a compliment; and, pray, why *not* company manners may I ask? Is a queen to be the same in her cabinet as within her family circle? . . . . It seems Prince Albert was of a contrary opinion, when, on hearing one day a tap at the door of his private apartments, he made the inquiry, "Who is there?" and receiving for answer, "The Queen," quickly replied, "This is no place for the Queen; her Majesty cannot be admitted." Victoria took the hint. "'T is your wife, my lord." "Ah, my wife may always enter."

Is there no propriety in draping the inner man as well as the outer? May we not take the liberty to cloak our thoughts and emotions as well as our persons, when we present ourselves in the market-place, on parade, or at promiscuous assemblies! Surely there may be such a thing as dignity of deportment in common with dignity of occasion, and nothing so very *outré* in matching one's guise with the garb one wears. It is neither an easy or graceful feat to jump or trip across a *salon* in a *robe à queue*, and we do not look for the measured step of a procession from a lady walking the public streets in a short walking dress.

I have seen young ladies dressed in the style of dowagers enter a room after the fashion of school-girls.

Ceremonious manners are a part of ceremonials and ceremony robes, as the perfume is a part of the hyacinth and geranium, or the odor of the sea and the sound of its waves its most potent spell!

. . . . . .

There is greater *uniformity* of manners in the good society of the Old World than in corresponding circles of the New, — a *façon de parler*, as it were, which serves as a password and countersign. This is, however, *get-*

ting to be very much the same with us, and such a state of things has its advantages for Society, — and please bear in mind we are at present concerning ourselves with the outside of the dish — the Manners, not Morals, of May Fair.

One of those advantages to which I allude is, that "manners are communicable; men catch them from each other;"[1] that is, they are infectious as well as contagious. "Fine manners need the support of fine manners."[1] Sensitive strung persons easily lose their balance, and find themselves leaning in the direction of the weight that is dragging the other way. How easy is it to loll with those who loll, or to keep erect in the presence of erectness. How difficult to articulate distinctly in conversation with one who is swallowing his words!

Another advantage of a universal suffrage and usage in society is, as I have remarked above, its regulation for membership. Then again, manners are of great advantage to a man or woman who is the possessor of little else. "There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes."[1] The author is acquainted with a whole family, exceedingly commonplace otherwise, who impress you, — the superior carriage, the well-chosen sentences, the distinguished diction, the serenity of countenance, and admirable self-composure have done the work in spite of you, and the miserable poverty they serve but to conceal.

. . . . . .

[1] Emerson.

If there be uniformity amongst the upper, there is *conformity* in the lower and middle classes, especially in England.

This is altogether too wide and deep a subject to fall within our present range. I shall only mention some of its outside features. For instance, an Englishman of position, meeting by chance another Englishman not known to him, but by whom he is known, is soon made aware of the social position of the latter, by the familiarity or otherwise with which he treats him. Only adventurers make even the effort to pass for what they are not. Again, were you to visit the Zoölogical Gardens of a Sunday afternoon, or take a walk in Regent's Park, you might meet with my lord's steward or my lord's valet, both fine-looking men, and dressed possibly quite as well as my lord himself, and after the same model; there would be a difference in the hands perhaps, certainly in the finger rings, should you happen to notice either; but shall I tell you what to a stranger and not over keen observer should be the chief mark of distinction? My lord would look at you, and if you were a woman and pretty, might stare at you, but my lord's *shadow should fall at your feet and pass on.* To explain, —'t is only the gentry in England who are supposed to hold up their heads and look about this world that exists for them! How different are the customs of different nations! *Chez-nous*, it is the Democracy that shall stare (oh, how they will stare!) — and the Aristocracy which looks neither to the right or the left.

. . . . . .

Of what consequence are manners after all? you exclaim: character is the main thing. No one doubts that,

my Republican friend, but they *are* of consequence, all the same, not alone on account of their interpretation, or *misinterpretation* of character, but on account of the influence they have upon character itself. A calm manner tranquillizes the soul, as wrath waxes and grows if the flame be not outwardly suppressed. Dignity on the outside penetrates within, and frisky behavior breeds gayety and a light heart.

"It is in the highest degree unphilosophic to call language or diction the *dress* of thought;" he, Wordsworth, "would substitute the *incarnation* of thoughts;" and De Quincy defines the relation between thoughts and language the same as that between body and soul, — you cannot separate them; "the union is too subtle, the intexture too ineffable, each coexisting not merely *with* the other, but each in and through the other."

Are not manners to unwritten thought what language is to the written?

. . . . . .

I have already alluded to a slovenliness of articulation and inelegancy of speech to be found even amongst our cultivated classes.

I must confess it has often been a source of speculation in my own mind, why a nation so fond of good literature and oratory, and so prolific in the same, should display so little proof of it in the ordinary conversation of every-day life. The language of a nation's literature should be the same as her national language, or there is a fault somehow and somewhere. The speech and intonation of the rostrum, the pulpit, the stage, should agree with what we hear in drawing-rooms and upon the street; the lords and ladies of English Romance are fac-similes of the lords and ladies at St. James.

Whereas, at home, we only hear it said of exceptional women, "She talks like a book,"— or "She has the manners of an actress;" — and why should n't all women talk like a book, since books are supposed to talk like them; and why should n't they have the manners of a good actress, inasmuch as 't is the object of an actress to enact the characters of real life, and mimic the manners of the day?

American girls who go into raptures over Mrs. Siddons would do well to imitate Mrs. Siddons's elegant enunciation and charming inflection of voice.

Public speakers, acknowledging certain points of superiority in the delivery of a Froude, a Kingsley or Newman Hall, might, it seems to me, without offense to national pride, make it a point of their own to study some of these points.

Perhaps I am prejudiced. But I myself cannot conceive how any American should once have listened to the English of the English (why need I qualify it, there is but one) without adopting it![1]

. . . . . .

[1] My reader will pardon me for narrating a little incident in connection with the above subject. During an evening party, not many years ago, in a celebrated city of the Middle States, a person was introduced to me whose name I failed to catch. I therefore let the conversation, as it was rather a lively one, go on without seeking to discern the identity of my new acquaintance — forming an opinion all the while, that 't was no mean scholar, or master of human philosophy and human society — a man of the world without doubt, and had there been a few more years over that handsome head, I might have conjectured a diplomat, — so courtly and adroit were the enchanting manners. Later in the evening I had an opportunity to gratify my curiosity. He was the son of a scholar and a gentleman, certainly, but his own scholarship must needs have been somewhat limited, since it lay within the horizon of eighteen years. He had never crossed the Atlantic or acquainted himself with the court circle of our own America; the higher branches of his education had been acquired at the

American mothers are ambitious to dress their little girls like the French and English children they met abroad. They adopt the muslin cap, the flowing hair, the high bodies, and long sleeves (Fashion, as well as War, has its benefits); they make Highlanders and Knickerbockers and Eton boys of their sons, — ah, vain and foolish mothers, why not rather take a leaf out of the Behavior Book of these children?

As a rule, European children of the upper classes — and of all classes for aught I know — are models of propriety and good manners. American children, as a rule have abominable manners or no manners at all.

Children on the other side make you fall in love with childhood. Alas, they often disgust you with it on this. For example, ask an English child a question, and I promise you shall receive a prompt and respectful reply. Try the same experiment with a juvenile of the United States, and may you be so sure of not getting an impudent answer, or that he does not put his fingers in his mouth? — and yet the nature and beauty of childhood is its unconsciousness, which must preclude all false shame.

Well-bred little French girls are diminutive countesses and marchionesses in behavior and speech. *Enfans aux cœurs*, but *grande dame jusqu'au bout des ongles.*

They will pirouette into a room and sweep a courtesy to you with all the *aplomb* of their elegant mammas; and if called upon to do the honors of the house can fill her place with a grace as charming as it is naïve.

university of his native town, and his knowledge of society and the world he had mainly gathered from books. Thackeray had been one of his teachers in that line, he afterwards told me. Such novel reading is not time thrown away! This little history goes to show how a man may fit himself for high positions in the world, outside of its portal.

Little Englishmen have the innocent faces of angels, with the bearing of kings and ambassadors; they enunciate like members of Parliament, and behave as we expect peers to behave. Little Frenchmen, are miniature Talleyrands and grand-seigneurs, before they are grown up.

I am aware it can be alleged that children instinctively acquire the manners of their parents and elders; precisely one of the points I have in view! Is there any reason why the manners of America should be, as the French would express it, *en arrière?* There is one thing most certain, when as much attention is given to this subject in our own country as is now given to dress, and things of the same order — they will not be. (Far be it from the author's thoughts to hold the dear children themselves accountable for their faults and idiosyncrasies — no more — not so much as their ancestors, dead and buried!)

There are two radical faults, in my humble opinion, in the American system of bringing up children: one is, they are too much left to themselves, or to the care of irresponsible and incompetent persons; the other is, they are too generally and indiscriminately permitted in the society of their elders. Questions political, social, theological, are unreservedly discussed in their presence, and that long before those imaginative, unreasoning minds are capable of digesting what the greedy ears will seize upon. I heard a boy of ten years, the other day, argue the Darwin theory, down to the disposition of the monkey's tail! He declared himself to be a believer because his father was, he said. (Surely this is not following our Creator's plan of instructing the hu-

man race.) But this is not nearly so bad as a worldly-wise child. The down of the soul wiped away in the early spring-time of its growth, — that which no hand human or Divine can ever put back again. ("A child can never be considered too innocent and good." [1]) Even the peach upon the garden wall is allowed slowly to ripen and sweeten. How careful the gardener not to disturb the downy covering that is to protect its bloom from the scorching sun and undue winds.

There has been vast progress of late years in the physical hygiene of the young of our Republic; — that as much could be said of the moral! There is no use disguising it, or mincing the matter; 't is too stupendous and serious a thing for that; but there 's a tendency in the age — a poisonous malaria in the atmosphere, more fatal because more easily inhaled, and producing a more prevalent disease amongst the younger than the older branches of this generation, and one of its most subtle dangers is, that those who have it are not aware of it, and those who have it not can neither apprehend it or comprehend its nature.

The older sister of thirty, woman of the world though she may be, is not so *much* a woman of the world as the younger one of eighteen, and no knowledge or experience could ever make her such a one. There 's a cool calculation, a *grossiereté* of mind, a *hardiesse* of heart in the one case which you will not find in the other. And another characteristic of the younger branch is a feeling of superiority and a spirit of clannishness. They think themselves in their generation wiser than we are in ours. They seek one another, with whom there is much in

[1] Richter.

common, whilst with us there is little. These are not fancies, believe me, but facts. Nor should we be in the least surprised at their existence, being but natural results of the age under improper training, and no guarding against its tendencies.

If you would know the last oath, the newest story, the latest trick at cards or vice, ask the street Arab, the *gamin* of the great cities. 'T is *he* that snuffs the "coming evil," and catches the thunder roll long before the crash.

If you would listen to a language, such as no *roué* or *rusée* of the two hemispheres would know how to talk, overhear a modern flirtation, only a "flirtation," between a boy of eighteen and a girl of sixteen — provided they are *habitués* of a large city, and do not number amongst those happy exceptions one occasionally meets. Do I exaggerate? But 't were better thus than to under-estimate so grievous a state; as Victor Hugo said of capital punishment: Better abolish it than that one innocent person should be hanged.

It is a common, but, to my mind, a pernicious and unnecessary custom of our country, that of permitting the "young folks" to appear at the family table. (Of course, under some circumstances, 't is both allowable and advisable.) First, frequently the unseasonableness of the hour is an objection. Second, children do not inherit the art of managing the knife, fork, and spoon, and perpetual lessons in the same are not a promoter of digestion or conviviality at the festive board. Third, conversation at such times should not be restrained to the edification of the nursery delegation; or if *you* do not forget the youthful presences, your guest is very likely

to, and your husband (unless they are more silent than American children in general) will daily and devoutly wish these unruly members to a lower chamber.[1] The young people at their meals should be at liberty to talk and laugh with one another — 't is one of their pastimes. And this objection applies more particularly to the tables of the fashionable and *bon-viveur.* It is a sin to place before the inflammable senses of the young savory and tempting dishes of which they are not allowed to partake. *It teaches them self-denial.* In Heaven's name choose some worthier subject for self-denial than the gratification of an appetite! I should infinitely rather a child of mine were made sick by such indulgences than that the object of them should assume importance in his eyes. Food as a source of enjoyment, like dress for means of ornament, should never be admitted to the mind of childhood. In fact the least said about such matters in their hearing, the better, I think.

If drunkards have been made by the wine the mother craved, but did not drink, how much more danger is there in a direct one! I believe many a man has taken two glasses when he would only have taken one, — remembering that oft-forbidden cup of boyish days, — as I believe seeds of the enervating and sensualizing practice, called gormandizing, were generated in youth by the indulgence or suppression of epicurean desires. It is very well for a Lucullus and an Epicurus or a Thackeray to be epicures ; but if their minds had been drawn in this direction in youth they would not be

[1] For 't is not the habit of American men to interfere in the management of their children any more than it is their habit to interfere with their wives.

Lucullus and Epicurus and Thackeray now! 'T is safe for the great to descend now and then to inferior pleasures, — they are so soon ready to come out of them again; not so with smaller minds that have no heights to measure by. (I remember once, on the occasion of a sumptuous dinner-party, observing the intelligent countenance of a lad of twelve years, who, at a signal from his mamma, refused the passing *entrée* (the *chef d'œuvre* of a *cordon bleu*), by which he was at liberty to feast the eyes and ears. Opposite the boy sat a lord of the palate — a sybarite in luxury and art, the owner of "pleasure houses" and "gardens numbered with those of kings," and "hills excavated for vaults and cellars," and "reservoirs he had formed about his houses, to receive the sea for the feeding of his fish," — in short — a modern Lucullus, the epicure, without being Lucullus, the general and statesman, as well,[1] — an Epicurus who was not the father of a system and a philosophy of which he could say in dying, he was prouder to leave the world than the most distinguished sons and daughters, — another Thackeray, who would cross a wider channel than the Straits of Dover for the express purpose of dining at the Quatre Frères, but who could not cross back again to compose a "Henry Esmond" or "Vanity Fair." Not an epicure who was a great man, as I have said, but a man who was a great epicure. What rapture of the eye as each delicious mouthful is lingeringly devoured; what a quiver in the voice when the ecstasy is ended and the reminiscence has begun! You should have seen the lad's mobile face then, as if to say, "What mysterious gift lies undeveloped in the human tongue, by which man is thus able to discover such hidden delights — oh, happy time when *I* shall not

[1] Plutarch's *Lives*.

only be permitted to partake, but capable of enjoying them." And as he hears the praises of this "caviare" sung on every side, I fancy to detect a look of admiration cast upon the great epicure in whose honor he knows the royal dish to have been served.

. . . . . .

It is well for the young that they should be debarred a great deal that they will afterwards have and enjoy. It is well, early in life, they should be made to realize the seriousness of life, and the importance of a preparation for it. The furtive glimpses they obtain will but serve to stimulate them to more enthusiastic and persevering effort.

It is well they should learn to associate with the person of their parents their greatest happiness as well as their greatest benefits; should apprehend and acknowledge the bond which controls and commands, which lavishes and withholds.

The best parents are those who display the most wisdom, the most self-denial, the most *policy*, in the bringing up of their children. Parents, and teachers as well, cannot make themselves too infallible! A wise parent will seek to conceal his faults and weaknesses from his child, though the whole world be at liberty to find them out. To this end parents should appear at their very best in intercourse with their children, and, as a general rule, exclude them from their presence when other people or other things must interfere. This is more or less the custom amongst Europeans of the better class.

There is no country where mothers devote so much time and thought to their offspring, and where such apparent sacrifices are made for them, as in our own; yet, and I speak within bounds, the tie between parent

and child is stronger, more tender, closer, in all other lands. European mothers are at no time the slaves of their daughters, and eventually become their bosom companions. With us, it is more after the other way. 'T is no uncommon thing to see a father *look up* to his sons ; we sometimes meet with the reverse ; but perfect familiarity and sympathy between them in either case is rare.

The above statements may be exaggerated, — I pray they are ; they may be exceptional and not general cases, — I pray they are ; but that there is smoke enough in this direction to indicate some fire, I am confident you will admit.

(Let us extinguish the fire !)

. . . . . .

Again, it must not be inferred that those graces of manner and movement we have so much reason to observe in well-bred foreign women are the *natural* results of a cultivated people. On the contrary, infinite pains are taken from the very beginning to insure such consequences. For example, more attention is paid to the health and physical development than with us ; abundant and systematic exercise counted on ; even the position of the body during study hours is taken into consideration. I have seen girls made to walk with a book on the head to give the Oriental carriage, and I have seen them wearing a bunch of thorns on the breast to keep the chin in its proper place. They are taught how to sit down ; how to get up without bending forward to an angle of several degrees ; how to manage the skirts in getting into a carriage, and how to alight with safety and grace ; how to address a servant, and how to speak with a shop-keeper, and upon business matters.

. . . . . .

Nor must it be supposed that the young people abroad have a hard time of it. By no means; the most interesting juvenile books in existence were written for British children; and 't is well known the celebrated out-door-games and sports originated in their country. Germany is noted for her wonderful toys and entertaining puzzles; and surely little French girls have the best right in the world to their French dolls.

The Tuileries, and Kensington Gardens swarm with children, and I cannot fancy a happier or more suitable life for young people than country life at an English home. Above all, they are blessed with the enchantment of the young! No griefs or disappointments are as poignant, it is true; but what in after life ever makes up for the pure, unalloyed happiness of childhood, *when the sun never came too soon or brought too long a day*, and the *heavens seemed not so very far above the fir-tops in the sky*, and that awful sorrow had not yet come, to know they *would be farther off when the man was no longer a boy!*

Unfortunate the man or woman whose young days were cut short! They have missed the longest paradise on earth, and lost the best preparation for that paradise above.

The woman whose childish heart was narrow, whose girlish heart was hard, — oh, what a woman that must be!

NOTE. — I never heard an English child interrupt when any one was speaking, or open his lips at improper times, unless spoken to, or speak disrespectfully to elders. I never heard one whine or tease, or find fault with his parents. I never saw one fidget in a chair, or step upon your gown, or crowd in between you and somebody else and the light. I never saw one giggle, or make faces, or pout. I never knew one to disobey, sulk, or frown!

WOMAN.

WOMAN.

WHEN the child asks, why do fruit-trees grow, you naturally reply, to bear fruit. For although their blossoms fresco the landscape and perfume the breeze, and they serve as shade from summer's sun, or when felled are fuel to burn and timber to build, yet these are but secondary qualifications ; and there are other variety of trees better suited to these purposes, and *they bear* no fruit.

So of woman, — of use as an ornament, a " thing of joy and beauty " forever, a power to refine and purify, or she *may* do the work of man ; but her primary service, her divinest, is that on account of which she was formed unlike man, through which she is entitled to a special partnership in the glories of creation, by which there is a closer link between her and the Invisible Powers. (And yet there are women clamoring for the narrow gates and back-doors and rough roads of fame and usefulness to be let down and made free to them, when the smoothest pathway, nearest portal to Immortality, is open to them, and to them alone.)

In acknowledging the highest rights of woman to be her mother-rights, we proclaim as well the highest type of woman, *i. e.*, that one which is best suited to the exercise of the creational functions.

Did it ever occur to you, then, that to be physically weak is more unwomanly in the woman than unmanly in the man ? and did you ever remark that the greatest men were born of women of intense or emotional natures ?

This was the ancients' idea of her, — a being of great physical perfections, of a sensuous and emotional temperament. With man, Intellect was to sway. With woman, Heart. . . . . Thus Plato, having enthroned what he calls the immortal soul in the brain, supposes a mortal kind of soul to inhabit the body, that being divided into two parts, *i. e.*, a male or spiritual portion, and now, mark ye, the *female* or *appetitive*. . . . . Such was the fancy of Pythagoras. Likewise Aristophanes and Zeno centered the mortal soul in the heart, which they designate as a female ; and the brain as a male. Just as *we* speak of the Earth and Nature in the feminine gender, but of the Sun in the masculine (the Sun acting upon matter). Matter being mortal, mutable, passive — feminine. Spirit, immortal, immutable, active — masculine.

Not, by any means, we should infer that the ancients meant to deprive woman of that immortal soul which she possesses in common with man ; and of precisely the same *nature*, *capabilities*, and *strength*. The only difference, that of being joined to a different organization with another motive power, as well as mode of life, to develop it. As regards the last two, we know that severe mental or physical labor deadens the passions, and constant drainage of the brain draws upon the entire system. . . . . Mr. Herbert Spencer goes so far as to prophesy that the world will eventually become depopulated through the fact of men and women having become too intellectual for the propagation of the human species.

Nor, are we again to infer that this lower soul, so to speak, is at enmity with the higher, or *vice versa ;* — on the contrary, the one, if properly balanced and directed, strengthens, stimulates, and electrifies the other ; whilst the other masters, regulates, and *idealizes* the whole. . . . . Indeed this is a woman. Indeed, we trace here that one great difference of temperament between the two sexes, and which would seem at first thought to be a contradiction to our present theory of woman. I refer to the absence of lust as lust, and not love, on her part. But if she be the more *appetitive* of the two, how can this be ? *Just because all of her being, and not a part of her being, sets to Love !*

> " All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And feel his sacred flame."

These were a poet's reflections, and poets have the temperament of women with the brains of angels.

There is some lust, on the part of men, without love, but there is little love without lust. On the other hand, there is not a seed of lust without the flower of love in a true woman's heart.

But she is no less true to her Ideality when her appetites have not become transformed into a passion, than when she breaks up the wholeness and design of her being by becoming a man.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder why a woman should desire to shorten an empire so ephemeral at best, for at death her special and subtle destiny must end ?

There are no women in heaven !

The spectacle of man pouring out his life-blood to feed the wick of Science, bowing down his shoulders in search of a Philosopher's stone, burning up his days upon the altar of Fame, is a grand one, perhaps; but that of woman "whoring after other gods," brigandering through foreign domains, foraging on man's herbage, chasing shadows with the reality in her grasp, — is it not a strange sight, and one to be mourned, for her own sake, for the sake of the whole race, for the sake of Wisdom herself?

'T is a significant augury in *my mind*, that even woman's greatest outward achievements are within herself, and a personal orbit. That, in a certain sense, she has no need to go out into the world. She *is* the world, and rules it within this magic and eternal circle. All in the shadow and ease of her own hearth-stone, she legislates, instructs, wages war, makes money, governs. And this by her divine intuition, her omniscient power over men. This, through the medium of those souls that were the battle-ground of her own conflicts and aspirations. There are divine ministers who make the Church their bride, and within her chaste and sacred portal find all their joys of earth and heaven, for Christ's sake, and how commendable. There are divine laymen who labor in prisons and amongst the by-ways of sin and degradation, philanthropists we call them, for man's sake — how noble! But shall woman go and do likewise?

Aye, but the highest work of woman is a calling, my fellow-countrywomen, unto which not all of us are called. 'T is too comprehensive in its destiny and too far-reaching in its designs to be entered upon as you would undertake aught else under the sun. God has the right —

has man, to doom a soul to drag throughout existence a miserable chain ?

Moreover, there are women too languid and spiritless in mind and body to burn with the white heat of Love or languish in the cage of inactivity. It is no hardship for them to feed on nothingness, or quaff the cup of inanity. But not so with the typical creature, the *woman created for man !*

When I contemplate the perfect woman, — glorious animal, glorious spirit, teeming with life, tremulous with emotion, — Job's description of the horse comes up before me.

Picture him, "*He paweth in the valley*, and rejoiceth in his strength." . . . . He neigheth upon the air, and archeth his flowing neck, and " swalloweth the ground with fierceness." . . . .

But the strength, restlessness, and hunger of the brute is only brutish, whilst back of the physical force in human nature lies the force which propels it, crying out for every drop of blood, and the strength of every bone and sinew to pay full tribute. *Deep calleth unto deep*, and that Divine one with woman will not cease until the human voice has responded to her uttermost. Every wave of Nature's ocean beats upon her divine heart beneath ; it cannot escape, it will not be still ; pushed on, buoyed up, it rides the topmost wave, and will ride on, or be *dashed* to pieces by that wave, — lying there a wreck on the sands of Time. . . . . Let us believe that such ships may sometimes be permitted *to float upon another sea !*

Even in this unromantic age the advice of the Oracle to Cæsar holds good in our time — " Follow Nature."

Would you reign, my friends ? Be lovers, then. After

all your efforts to accomplish it in some other way, you shall find that Love rules the world. . . . . Howbeit, we are often tempted to weep with that pious Franciscan, who, being asked one day the reason of his tears, replied, "I weep because Love goes about unloved."

WOMAN'S WORK.

WOMAN'S WORK.

THE rottenness of Denmark lay at the palace and in the heart of a woman.

It was the luxury and frivolity of the Bourbon Court which finally brought that great dynasty to its downfall.

There 's a reform which precedes and includes all other reforms, and it has its origin in the small but ever widening and never ending circle of personal and family influence. As the patriarchal system is the source from which all governments have flowed, so *this* is the stream that turns every wheel in the wide universe. . . . . Strike at the root of national evils from this point and you 'll no longer have a tree whose poisonous leaves cast baneful shadows over the land.

'T is not at the ballot-box, my friends, you shall be able to do your *reformatory work.* 'T is not platform oratory or pulpit eloquence that shall serve you for weapons. God Himself is not mightiest in the whirlwind, but in that still small voice which speaks to us everywhere and at all times from within.

Said a woman, a true *woman*, the other day : "I now control a score or more of votes I can't afford to lose them for the sake of registering one in my own name."

When society shall rest on a new basis, — all the old,

false hypotheses and absurd laws in favor of the other sex done away with, — and we shall employ her machinery and mechanism as art should be employed, as the means but not the end ; when helps through the senses are helps alone, and recreation is to give a higher impulse, more serene repose to the impulses of human life, and society is no longer a pass-time but use-of-time, and her scenery and charm of being what the magnificent regalia of nature is to the soul, or what our faculties are to intellect, — then, to be a member in this eternal orchestra, to be a performer, not in a mock drama but the tragedy for all time ; then, I say, to acquire a leadership will be no mean distinction, no inferior profession.

But there will have to be great changes before then. . . . .

Behold what a sweeping field is open to-day in America for her restless and ambitious daughters. In this matter of riotous *extravagance* for instance, on account of which we are suffering the consequences under a wise Providence, how soon it could be made unfashionable and disreputable ! . . . . How soon it *will* be made so by your leave, or no, *Mesdames*.

Nothing so easy of regulation as custom, which is to society what party is to politics, what public opinion is to the world at large. (O *thou* master and tyrant of men, before whom the first and best bow down and bite the dust, and who from time immemorial has turned great and original minds out of their own broad channels to run in thy narrow grooves !)

One of the flaws in the every-day working-ins of Christianity would seem to be this very conformity to the statutes of worldlings, — to the requirements of *unchristianized* society. It seems to be thought necessary that the

rigidity of morality, aye, the holiness of the Son of Man, shall be made to wear a supple mask and cover itself with a temporal veil. . . . . Out, I say, in this nineteenth century upon such Jesuitical practices, which do more harm than good to the cause they would serve! There is no hobnobbing with nature's law, nor can there be with moral law. . . . . It is the lives which have conceded, compromised, conciliated least that obtain, after all, the strongest hold upon the public mind, and whose mantle is longest worn after they themselves are seen no more.

Not that the world, that Christianity itself could afford to lose that all powerful prejudice of public opinion. It is a useful umpire, the great lever that moves the world, and all the easier to control that its immense balance of power often lies in a loadstar. (There *have* been times when the word of one man was said to be its indicator.) It is the greatest of all monopolies; the most binding, but the most transitory of laws. A universe could n't destroy it, but you may turn it with a breath. 'T is an altar which has consumed more sacrifices than the altar of the living God; — but becomes in time its own victim, to be offered up by the last high-priest or priestess. . . . .

In the matter of fashion, for example, it *is* the simplest thing imaginable to set that tinsel ball a rolling.

As a stone, skipped across the Narragansett waters will sooner or later be felt by the waves gently washing in at Cowes, so a Princess de Metternick has only to shorten the kilt of her walking-dress, or despoil note-paper and envelopes of *chiffre* and monogram, and before the season is over American fashion papers will have told Lowell factory girls and western farmers' daughters what they are to wear, if they are to remain *à la mode;* and we

shall no longer receive business cards illuminated with monograms, or observe them on bakers' and butchers' carts as they stop at our area-doors.

What a few leaders of fashion, East and West (alas, that we can say South no longer!) shall send forth as a fiat, will soon become a law. A *coup d'état* might be accomplished in a day, a new *régime* inaugurated in an incredible short space of time.

There has been a mania in our land of late years for *floral decorations*. . . . . I have heard of fabulous sums being spent upon the occasion of a wedding, or social entertainment, — when an infinitesimal proportion of the amount would have procured an equally pleasing effect.

Then of laces, — what true woman should be willing to expend enough to support a whole family, or to carry a youth through college, or purchase a good library, for a strip of lace not over a yard long, — to say nothing of the wear and tear of human eyes to produce it ; and this in a day when woven laces are barely discoverable from the hand-made? I venture to prophesy the time will come when all shall be real, for there shall be but the one. . . . . What do you wear your laces for, *Mesdames?* To make you handsome, or to advertise your exchequer or pedigree, either of which is a matter easily ascertained ; and I should say it were better to be known for humanity and common sense than gentle blood. . . . . What a noble boast, and what an opportunity for a great lady to become famous, to declare she shall never again wear an ell of the flimsy stuff that costs so high and comes so dear. . . . . Coquettes are not half coquettish enough when they leave such conspicuous and distinguished feathers out of their caps! . . . . Truly clever

was the Russian Princess of old who refused all other bridal gifts at the hand of her bridegroom save the freedom of six of his highest serfs ; or the New England girl in our own time, when she declined a diamond tiara, to impose a holiday for the hundreds of operatives on their marriage day.

As for jewelry, think of the mint consumed by *it* alone, — that which is to unadorn adorned beauty, or render the absence of it more observable.

Jewels are in keeping, and add dignity and lustre to certain occasions ; but what beautiful woman, understanding the art of not repainting the lily or marring the perfect contours of nature will care to disturb her own harmonious proportions by hanging them with protuberances ?

I think many of us have remarked this in the jewel scene of Faust, where no Marguerite I have ever seen could bear the infringement unscathed ; and with what a sigh of relief do we again behold her disrobed of her traducers.

There was a certain *Marquise* in Paris, during the last days of the second empire, celebrated for her beauty, or more properly speaking, a genius in displaying it. It was her wont never to appear in that rich regalia of jewels in her possession, except when rank, either her own, or that of others, demanded it. . . . . She had substituted instead, a ribbon of black velvet tied under the chin, — the simple bow-knot containing a star of brilliants (and the star itself was frequently dispensed with), a similar ornamentation supplying the place of bracelets. Nor was this eccentricity an offspring of any higher virtue than that of coquetry on the part of the pretty Frenchwoman,

for the diamonds which composed the stars were of the largest in her marquisate coronet; and equally costly gems glittered from the long handle of parasol and riding-whip, or buttoned up a close fitting bodice of velvet, or twinkled from the buckles of shoes, or lay embossed in the Roman gold of porte-monnaie, and vinaigrette. In short, wherever sapphires and emeralds, rubies and pearls might be scattered, apparently without design, as we hang pictures in a favorable light, they were to be found. . . . . There was more beauty in the manner of their distribution than in the gems themselves. . . . . The taste of the artist never gave way to the vanity of the woman. . . . .

The extravagance of American women has passed into a proverb, and the wanton waste with which money is proverbially poured out in America is mainly owing, I think, to that fact and one other, *i. e.*, woman's supremacy in the United States! . . . . For if our women, for the most part, are the most sensational and extravagant in the world, our men, as a nation, are the least so! . . . . More in this country than in any other might that question, *Who is the woman?* be asked of nearly every embezzlement, every forgery, every bankruptcy in this — land of Puritan women. . . . . Finally — we are the only nation that is not served by its own. Do the ties of religion and patriotism then go for naught in that matter of serving and being served?

Is there not something admirable in the relations between French domestics and their masters, who address them as *Mon ami!* — and might we not learn a lesson in good-breeding from the universal courtesy with which the English treat their menials?

It is said, Americans fail to make good servants — what nonsense — as if it were not a trade like any other, and necessary to be learned. . . . . There are no more born cooks, I fancy, than born carpenters. When this profession or business becomes a profession with us, you will no longer be troubled in finding plenty knowing their business.

It is said, as well, 't is not sufficiently money-making to satisfy the ambition of the American. It *might* be, nevertheless, if systematized and regulated as in England. There are rising grades in this profession as well as in every other (please observe *in* the profession), stepping-stones to higher service — avenues for higher wages. . . . . The most aristocratic hotel in London (Claridge's) is kept, or was when I knew it, by a worthy couple who have seen house-service themselves ; and there are few hotels on the Continent whose proprietors were not at one period of their lives a *maître d'hotel.*[1]

A story is told of the late Duke of Devonshire, that he was once enabled to borrow £10,000 of his steward, who entered his service penniless.

I certainly know of no happier or more independent order than the lower-middle class of England — at service.

I can but reflect how much better, physically and morally, if a corresponding class in our beloved country should seek their precious livelihood in like manner. . . . . How infinitely more healthful for females this labor than many other occupations ; and how much more comfortable and safe a home it offers a young girl than a fourth-rate city boarding-house !

[1] Head waiter.

A book has recently been written on the dangers of over *mental* exertion to the sex ;— a more profitable work I think might be written on the improper *physical* work of the sex, which has, and shall continue to send more females to an early grave than all the Vassar Colleges that shall ever be erected.

If the physical welfare of women is a matter worth considering, then must the factories be shut down upon her, and a bar put across every counting-house or shop-counter (provided she stands). . . . . You can no more or less injure a woman, in my opinion, through her brain, than you can a man ; but she *may* be injured through her body, if it be subjected to a wear for which it was not made !

If the moral welfare of woman is a matter worth considering, an attractive shop on a public street in a great city, a government bureau, an insurance office, or " saloon " is no place for a young woman.

MODUS OPERANDI OF GOD.

MODUS OPERANDI OF GOD.

THE Creator, with few exceptions, has disdained Miracle from the beginning, and worked through Natural Law (as if He had said, "Let us build altars to the Beautiful Necessity"[1])—how grand, how harmonious how comprehensive! . . . . When the Son was upon earth, He likewise manifested a same Divine shrinking from so direct, so abrupt a display of power.

We find, first of all, wonderful *unity* and *analogy* in the Universal Plan! Nationalities and Ages, like individuals, are led step by step, degree after degree, until in the contemplation of which we are brought to admire the sublime reticence of the Supreme Being. "Truly thou art a God which hideth thyself." . . . . What humility for our sakes, that we might become more like Him through searching to find Him out,—by seeking to discover what He so easily might have revealed from the beginning,—the knowledge of which, in fact, He might have created within us.

In this respect the creature may almost claim to possess an advantage over the Creator.

. . . . . .

[1] "If, in the least particular, one could derange the order of Nature, who would accept the gift of life?"—EMERSON.

In the veiling and modesty, as it were, of the Almighty, we are able to trace some analogy between Divinity and Humanity in its highest form, *i. e.*, an absence of vain-glory and boastfulness, and an opposite nature in smaller humanities.

Many a human plot and plan has come to grief simply through the inability of one or more of its instigators to keep from disclosing it. . . . . Let us now, for a moment, retrace the footsteps of man to the infancy of the world, to that epoch of time when the patient and All-wise Teacher opened His *Kindergarten* for the childhood of Man's childhood.

We shall find him laying out a vast machinery of instruction ; changing and shifting and progressing only as childhood progresses ; Himself unseen, unknowable,[1] incomprehensible ; not breaking the awful silence above or disturbing the voices of Nature beneath ; gently wooing the children to open her caskets and make use of their treasures ; imperatively commanding them by the stern needs of necessity, and ever calling youth onward by new unraveling of yet newer mysteries.

Only, did the Silent Teacher speak to the multitude through thunder and lightnings, by signs and by wonders ; audibly and in dreams, alone to his prophets and wise men, who could comprehend and interpret ; and again, only *directly* to *one* nation, one people, one branch of the great Human Family ; for otherwise, as we shall see, did He speak to the Greeks and Gentiles, and nations *beyond the sea.*

Consider how He, by means of His laws, removed mountains and parted the waters into dry land, and mul-

[1] "God, to be known, must be first unknowable." — H. W. BEECHER.

tiplied deposits, and tempered even the atmosphere to make a pathway for the naked foot of man from shore to shore and sphere to sphere. (By and by He should be able to lay out His own gigantic roads over the mountain tops, through rocks, and across cataracts and grassy plains.)

Consider now how the Creator confused (through natural causes) the busy tongues of men, that they might enrich their respective language with the knowledge of more than one dialect ; and that there might be nationality of speech as well as of peoples and government and clime.

Consider then the complexity, the enormity, the *intricacy* of the Plan ! Nations more advanced in learning and letters — in philosophy and art — than the Jewish Nation were to be *blinded* to Eternal Truth, that by means of a variety of mediums a truer conception of It should finally be universally accomplished.

(It might be said of God's Truth as of His Image, He gave it to man indistinct, and in part that man might give it Him back perfect and whole.) . . . . *From the Beginning*, all divine action, all human thought was to play upon *Christianity ;* for it, through it, under it, against it. T' was to be subject to a universal alchemy, and tried in the furnace of human passions and ideas. What is Christianity but a new birth out of sin and error, — a religion born of all religions ; the belief in one God instead of many gods ; the vast ocean to which all streams and rivers were to run, and from whose preëxistent and eternal depths arose a vapor propelled by the Sun of Righteousness ; an invisible sea, so to speak, confined within the Almighty's hand, — from time to time

exhaling clouds that poured into the souls of men, only to flow back again, a tribute to their original source, until, a living and divine life, it issued forth Light of Light, the Light of the World ?

(We may speak of Christianity as a *natural* growth out of former religions and philosophies ; but this only makes more apparent its most supernatural parentage and training.)

It was at that period of our world's history just alluded to when the Voice spoke again, as it had never spoken before, as it probably will never speak again on earth, and this time was for all time, and every echo of it became modulated to each ear and every nation ! . . . . Let us now glance at the corresponding nature of religion and politics. "Government, society, art, science, even religion, are in turn challenged, reviewed, judged in the name of Progress." [1] The nature of a government is apt to be the index of the nature of the religion of that government or *status*. As the one frees itself from the shackles of form, so does the other,—as the progress of the age, political and social, keeps step with a moral and intellectual progress.

A spiritual religion can rise above form and sense, as an intellectual soul is fit immediately to enter the life of immaterial existence ! But at the time of the Apostles and early Christian Fathers, the Church was not spiritual enough to seek her wings. She was forced to let them down and walk for a time upon the earth.

Jesus Christ did not come to build anything temporal ; on the contrary, His teachings were calculated to do away with form and cant ; but it is not strange the early

[1] Canon Liddon.

Church should have somewhat resembled in forms and ritual the Jewish, in whose womb it was conceived, howbeit the life-principle differs so widely. Nor is it to be wondered that the Old Catholic Church, moulded by the age which followed its birth, grew into the New, or that later on a receding wave swept it back again, or that later still, higher spiritual needs called for deeper and purer fountains.[1]

A time came for a Luther and a Reformation (such a time may come again), but *there were Monasteries and Crusades between* (there may be monasteries and crusades again), but it shall be a *new* Luther, a new Reformation, *other* Crusades ; for History can only be said to repeat itself in *modus operandi.* " You cannot bathe twice in the same river," said Heraclitus, " for it is renewed every morning ;" and we maintain that no body, physical, political, social, or spiritual, can be the same to-morrow that it is to-day. We can never look upon the same object twice. . . . . The spiritual, as the physical, must undergo a change with every breath, every morsel of food.

Even impressions made in dreams leave more than a passing foot-fall.

It is only God who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever ; without progression — retrogressionless.

Nor can the needs and progress of the world fairly represent individual need. There are ever men in advance, and men behind the age. There are monks in these days, and savants and recluses, and bigots and fanatics and misanthropes, in every day of the year and world.

In that matter of worship, for example, what is con-

[1] We are speaking, as it were, *representatively.*

genial and elevating to one soul becomes mockery or a farce to another. What satisfies you disgusts and shocks your neighbor.[1]

We conceive Episcopalians to be better men and women for *being* Episcopalians, and Congregationalists to be pious because they *are* Congregationalists, and not Congregationalists because they are good ! . . . .

Modern Infidelity and all false *isms* have had their part to play in the eternal drama of Christianity. . . . . Unbelievers compel believers to know what they believe by attacking their tenets. Science, doing her duty, is able with sweeping battalions to tread Religion under foot, if she be not equally prepared to do hers likewise, — rallying round those impregnable standards !

Such Lectures as the Boyle and Bampton, in England ; such societies (and there is something of the sort here) as the " Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," in London, have been the means of instigating deep research, — have been instruments to draw out the ablest theological reasoning in our language, — and why all this crusade, but that there is unbelief in God or His Son ? Canon Liddon's sublime work on the Divinity of Christ, would it ever have been written but for the Channings and Parkers, the Martineaus and Sears' ! One of the finest of Maurice's subtle treatises is an answer to Renan's " Vie de Jésus." Believers in the divinity of Jesus Christ are tempted to rely over much upon the

[1] Thus we find ourselves able to enjoy High Mass, or the worship (*pure*) of the Sects ; a Quaker Meeting, — perhaps that of Synagogue or Mosque ; but it is this assumption of symbols and ceremonies, calling for a Ritual entire, which confounds us. . . . . A cross over an altar to the Unity. . . . The chanting of Glorias with the people reclining in cushioned " pews."

divinity of their Lord, and look not enough to the divinity within themselves, which they are to develop. In the ecstasy of faith it is possible they may fall short in works both intellectual and moral; thus it is, we say, that the intellectual and moral life within the Church of *Christ* have been quickened by the intellectual and moral life without her pale.

Finally, consider the *Omniscience* of the plan, whereby eyes, almost divine, can be blinded [1] at will; whereby it can be said to gigantic intellect, "So far and no farther shalt thou come."

Napoleon seems to have been the Pharaoh of modern times, — whose *heart was hardened* that he might be neither human or humane, — being just this which made him *what he was*, and kept him from being something less, *and a great deal more.*

But of all men who ever lived, Plato was he who was the *most* blinded — because he saw so much. No forerunner before Christ, no objector since, has done more to help the Christian truth than this heathen philosopher of old; and it is a significant fact that in his imaginary account of the creation of man in "Timæus," where, whilst there is much that is analogous with the Scriptural (as, for instance, consigning a portion of creation to the gods as the Bible attributes it to the Son), we are equally unable to discover any traces which lead us to conjecture that Plato had ever heard of the Jewish narrative in any form. It would seem that, not

[1] "And His disciples asked Him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?

"Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, or his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest."

only the mind, but the ear of this great philosopher and prophet had been divinely sealed.

"But all of this, after all, might have been brought about through Cause and Effect." Granted, for argument sake, but will *you* not concede as well that an omniscient Power might *choose* to act in this way — *Himself the author of so sublime and perfect a Plan?*

SPECIAL CREATION.

SPECIAL CREATION.

POPULARLY PROVED BY INDUCTION.

I AM at loss to comprehend how any reasoning mind, and student of human history as well, can bring himself to believe in "Hereditary Development," according to the Galton School. What is it, after all, but a new adaptation of that old theory of Traducianism, thought to have exploded ages ago, as contrary to Scripture and Psychology? This were accusing Infinity of intrusting Finity with the construction of machinery to run His universe and weave His designs; of making Omniscience to leave to human sight, to "Natural Selection," and to chance, the choice of divine forces for time and eternity! Why, even the master-workmen of earth do better than that, — in whose methods and moves we are supposed to find something analogous to those of the Supreme. Napoleon, for example, was the very genius of detail; and it is related of Michael Angelo that he went down into the Pope's gardens, to dig with his own hands the ochre to be used in the colors for the immortal frescos of the Sistine. I hold every soul to be a fresh creation or emanation out of the Divine; every human life a new delegation, so to speak, for the time

and place and circumstance of appearance; another stone, however insignificant in the Grand Mosaic. I *admit* the difficulty of a finite mind to grasp the enormity, or overlook the absurdity of such a thing, as well as to picture a God presiding over the trifling destiny of each human atom, and giving ear to all the nonsense a senseless world is at liberty to pour into it. But *are* we thus called upon to tax the imagination! Must we put common sense aside when we come to consider these matters? May we not conceive of a spiritual Power employing countless ambassadors, and messengers, who, like the angels of Jacob's dream, are forever ascending and descending upon invisible ladders which connect heaven and earth. (Think of the legions on legions of archangels and cherubim, — of the innumerable hosts which have gone before; that for every soul that is born more than one dies! Assuredly we cannot believe there is no work in spirit worlds any more than we can believe progression stops in this.) It is just here I would point out one of the differences between the guidance of ordinary lives and those of the "soul movers" — wherein we would seem to discover more direct touches of the Divine hand, and it is through these human oracles the Invisible speaks to all mankind. Says Emerson, in relation to this subject: "Where Nature has work to be done she creates a genius to do it. Follow the great man and you shall see what the world has at heart in these ages. There is no omen like that. . . . . God is rich, and many more men than one He harbors in his bosom, biding their time and the needs and the beauty of all." It does certainly seem there was a special supervision over the commanders of men; a Heavenly

partiality, so to speak, as well. One of the Prophets, you remember, did not hesitate to acknowledge a leaning towards the beautiful Bathsheba's son. ("Did not Solomon, King of Israel, sin by these things? Yet among many nations was there no king like him who was beloved of his God.")

If it is difficult to associate a Supreme Being with the management of temporal affairs, is it, on the other hand, any less so to suppose the source of all thought, all action, ruling nominally, having delegated His power to a self-existing one? What is the meaning of that oft repeated utterance in Holy Writ, "He repenteth Himself," coupled with an avowed change of purpose (if we may thus speak of the Unalterable), if it does not signify continuous reigning? So far, we have been taking only a general view of the subject. Let us be more particular. First, I am bound to believe in Creationism, because I cannot believe in the transmission of soul in a natural world, unless I am prepared to believe as well in the propagation of spirits by an animal process in a supernatural one. Second, being an inductionist, my study of men and their history *compels* me thus to believe. The first is only an hypothesis, I acknowledge; the last a fact. I maintain, *exempli gratia*, if you examine the resemblances between parents and children, you shall generally find them to be purely material ones; *i. e.*, appertaining to the senses and faculties of physical being. The dog inherits as much, and dies a dog's death. We only inherit from our natural parents our natural bodies (those tents of flesh to be rolled up and cast aside after the soul's encampment); and do you find no analogy between the future destruction of the world's identity and

that of the human body lying within it, both being transfigured together into new forms of materiality, but always *materiality?* Or, do you contend this planet to be in a process of evolution towards souls and monads of souls, as many a one believes his own to have been evolved in some such like manner?

But before we go on let us briefly consider the distinction between Spirit and Matter — Intellect and Faculties. Intellect, or *Pure Reason*, that which we do not inherit, combines, compares, balances, unites — what faculties (our natural inheritance of the body) have perceived and gathered together; it (Intellect) furnishing and propelling a power it is unable to make use of in a material world without material implements. The mind has been compared to almost everything — from a blank sheet of paper up to a stringed instrument (I rather should designate Mind as the musician) — but yet other, and homely metaphors suggest themselves. Is there no analogy between the organism of the body and that of the brain, making Reason to become the stomach and vital organs to digest and convert into a spiritual chyle what the faculties have masticated and swallowed? Or, again, may not our faculties be mortal casements to let in the universal prospect upon the soul? A person sitting in a dark room discerns nothing by sight, unless light be let in, — the light then are faculties, — the sight is Reason.

Our faculties may be said to take cognizance separately; and individually each impression is received — by the Intellect; then, in the twinkling of an eye, *identity* is lost forever.

Faculties may be said to take in Idea *representatively*. Reason apprehends the Real and Ideal.

So much for immortal Reason and her mortal faculties.

Now, when the vehicle which is to be the locomotion of a Divine soul is complete and an independent one, then if the mortal seat of Reason prove to be a perfect structure, the Maker's breath breathes into its nostrils, and it is no longer animal alone. But there are instances where the mortal seat of Reason is not a perfect structure, and consequently no more fitted to become its dwelling-place than the cranium of a gorilla or field-mouse. Hence to my mind most clearly the supposition — an *idiot* is without a soul.

The thought arises then, — Omnipotence is capable of failure. Not at all; it is not the Creator, but the creature, who, through some infringement, however slight, of Nature's perfect law has failed; for a Supreme Ruler may not disturb natural laws, having pledged Himself to maintain them; we must depend upon them as immutable, or we might as well hold God accountable for the sin of adultery, when, as before, the wheel of Nature might not be stopped, or her laws anywise amended. And this seems to me a simpler solution of that oft perplexed question than the well known one of St. Augustine, viz., "giving being to a soul capable of knowing and loving its Creator is of itself a good, however it may be occasioned."

Again, we ask if unborn life has become extinct but a moment before birth, — was there no spark to mount upward? Certainly not. What if it lived only to draw breath? Then it has breathed the breath of immortal life. The two cases not being parallel ones, — or one might as well wonder again that the Almighty, knowing death must ensue in the course of a few days or months,

had not thought it worth while to spend His breath. The Most High conducts Himself towards man as if He did not know the end from the beginning; just as He holds him accountable for what he is not responsible. Not to have been born man is the only way to escape the responsibility of man, for he is sovereign of his own destiny, and in a measure sole sovereign of earth. No enormity of sin will disturb the unbroken and awful silence overhead; — no higher power apparently checks or sways his career, provided there is no disobedience of natural law, itself not a compulsory one save through her penalties. Wherein we discover an Infinite wisdom to withhold compulsion; an Infinite mercy to provide forfeiture.

Finally, I would *prove* special creation by simply pointing to the Iron Page of Biography. Here we find the difference between a Newton and an ordinary man to have existed not only in superior *quality* of Intellect, but through some finer adaptation of faculties. Thereby proving a common development or inheritance? No; for the fine harmony of which we speak is more often a result of discord, and proves rather that superior insight has formed the unison (for the grand Master knows how to make up the harmonies of His divine *human* symphonies, blending major and minor chords into melody that a Universe stops to hear).

"A man must thank his defects, and stand in some awe of his talents. A transcendent talent draws so largely on his forces as to lame him; a defect pays him revenues on the other side." [1]

Great men are claimed equally to be the *natural* result

[1] Emerson.

of an eccentricity of faculties, — of a rare combination of weak and strong points, — the fruit of a certain development ; a creature born out of circumstances and influences, before and after birth. Even one of the most famous of poets tells us he was wont at times to cook up poetry *according to rule and recipe.* It is very possible a woman, desirous of giving birth to an artist, herself no mean lover of *Art,* by dint of bending her mind to the same should transmit an artist's taste and talent ; but she is just as likely to accomplish nothing of the sort ; whilst some other woman, with no more dreams of beauty than an ant or elephant, shall bring forth a Titian.

The above poet (Burns) and other great poets may have invented some of their best dishes according to certain ingenious methods of their own, but they had stuff as well to deal with such as *Nature's* store-house does not hold.

No soil or attendance can make anything but a cabbage out of a cabbage, however excellent that honest vegetable may become after its kind.

You cannot galvanize inorganic matter into an organic body. In other words, my masters, we may not work miracles.

The times, for example, may develop the latent greatness in a man, or serve to call it out (as the sun quickens material life), and men *make* the times ; but there is no time, under Heaven, which may *create* a Genius.

But why dwell further on vague theories (all theories are vague without proofs) and neglect our Iron Page ?

Without confounding Talent, which appertains to the

faculties, with Genius, that is not "born of woman," I ask you carefully to study the *nature* of those gifts which have been handed down. Were they born of Talent or Genius? On the other hand, did you discover that the last had left its unmistakable mark upon any human progeny?

For every instance of inherited *aptitude;* for every illustration of what the most approved powers of *human breeding* may accomplish, — shall we not find some unaccountable *freak of nature* that nullifies all the theories of modern Traduacianism.

In confirmation of the first, observe the Pitts, the Adams', the Mills' — and a long rôle of witnesses too innumerable to mention. Moreover, we naturally expect the surroundings, education, and ambition of a statesman's son to lead thitherward; while few minds are barren enough to resist a hot-bed pressure like Mills. Literary tastes, of course, run in families, as love of women or wine. Nor could there be a stronger light whereby to kindle Genius's torch than childhood's fervent fireside (not mistaking it for the torch itself).

In confirmation of this, have we, for instance, any show of reason to pronounce the loins of Shakespeare of a finer quality than those of all other poets? Or that Goethe's blood flowed otherwise than in mortal driblets? Or that Madame de Staël gave birth to offspring so immortal as the creations of her brain? (Whilst, for she had been wisely chosen in common with the mothers of other world-movers, it was to the *peculiar* education and training by her mother that the great Frenchwoman averred she owed the *development* of her genius.)

Plutarch, with all that Pre-Raphaelite word-painting,

does not inform us the fine spirits of Pericles and Aspasia were touched to fine issues ; or that the noble Brutus's good and faithful wife presented to him an immortal heir ; or that the divine Sappho bequeathed her wings !

It would seem strange that out of a family of ten there should have been but one Napoleon, the remaining ones, save for physical strength and beauty, falling somewhat below mediocrity.[1] *Madame la mère*, being characterized with physical endurance and courage, some military enthusiasm, and a will of her own, was a strict disciplinarian, a severe economist, and of a hard nature, — all of which we *may* trace in the characteristics of her great son ; but from whence that incomparable genius, such as the world never saw and will probably never look upon again, and of which he himself affirms, was *without ancestry !*

Even Mr. Galton is forced to admit the late Faraday to have been an *oasis* in a lineal *desert.*

Most assuredly, Charles Dickens was the Alpha, and shall doubtless remain the Omega, of his fame and name.

No living ghost of our great Webster has ever reappeared to remind us ; and the sweet-toned eloquence of Clay is as mute as his grave.

(But there is an *embarras de richesse* at our command !)

If *spirit* is transmissible, why does it not engender *after its kind ?*

[1] It is a singular fact as well, that the late Emperor inherited his talent not from his father but from his mother, whom he greatly resembled, in common with his half-brother the Duke de Morny, who had not a drop of the *ichor* in his veins.

There may be adverse circumstances and surroundings, it is true, or an alien element in the "mother element," but how then shall a philosopher come out of the heart of a vain woman? or why should grapes grow upon thistles?

It would scarcely be safe in our day to introduce the subject of Special Creation without some reference to Darwinism, especially, as (concerning the body) it need not conflict with the above.

In fact, to my humble mind, there can be no greater proof that the Moses Idyl is a representative and symbolic presentation of the truth, than that of the advanced stage of language which is employed in the narrative as having taken place in the Garden of Eden; for we have no reason to doubt but that language, in common with all else, with rare exception, was left for man to find out for himself.

The very laws and history of the Universe are written in hieroglyphic characters, and every day some new Daniel deciphers an additional letter or word.

At the time of Moses, the people and age for which that account was written were ripe for no other. Childhood, whether it be the childhood of man or race, is the same. Fables and fairy tales have ever been used for the instruction and edification of youth.

The Garden of Eden, and the patriarchs and prophets, were, in a measure, to the Jews, what Olympus and the gods were later to the Greeks and Romans.

I am not prepared to affirm, or deny, that *soul* (being distinct from matter) might not have been infused for the first time into matter when that particular form of it was ready to receive it, and this epoch of the evolutionary

period might correspond with that one to which the divine historian refers when, in figurative language, he says the "Creator breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and *man became a living soul*," having already declared, in like manner, that the "Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground;" — as Plato, the Moses of a still later period, equally represented the formation of man to have been out of the materials of the earth.

Granting the Evolution theory to be true, to have been knowable, and comprehensible at any earlier moment of the world's progress, might have proved fatal to proper relations between man and his Maker. At this advanced age, it seems to me it could make no possible difference to an intelligent person, either in his thoughts as regards himself, or the source of Spirit, or touching conduct in life, or views of the hereafter, whether he had crawled out of a worm up to his present form and lordly estate, or had developed an intelligent and accomplished gentleman from primitive manhood.

A deep mystery veils the process of creation, look at it as we will. We are mercifully spared the sight of those unseen workings, *no less in the last than in the first!* If we were to break open the egg, or peer into the womb during incipient stages of life, should we not be surprised, appalled, disgusted?

There is, to my understanding, but one reasonable hypothesis over which to build the evolution theory (that only accounting for material existence), viz., that in a cosmic vapor of the whole were enveloped germs capable of developing themselves; and in these floating genera lay planetary system, and all the world of nature from the plant up to man; and in these particles of

matter, these *protoplasm*, *monera*, *monads*, — lay waiting favorable conditions for development, — even the powers of separating into sexes, and that of human speech.

The existence of a spiritual essence in the vapor as well would necessitate the soul's being self-generating, an hypothesis I have undertaken to prove as contrary to the laws of psychology and the history of human souls ; unless we are prepared to grasp that stupendous and not sublime thought of every circumstance and exigency of futurity having been taken into account before the Almighty let loose this cosmic vapor into space !

But I must admit the brute lineage to be less distasteful to me than that other vagary, of the total extinction of species, for it would seem so senseless, so designless, so artificial a move, so like the conduct of men, to have made them. For we cannot accuse Nature of working for effect and ornament alone, or of wanton waste. I am thus happy to be assured by scientists, that if one or more tribes of lizards, for instance, are lost sight of in a certain geological deposit, it is that they have become unrecognizable in their flight towards a bird ; or, if certain varieties of snake are found missing, it is on account of their having grown so "very like a whale," and so on.

One more thought on Darwinism.

I can comprehend spirit leaving the body as it came in, unseen ; but by what law or process is it to issue from matter out of which it was generated, or what determines the period of its exit, — and why separate itself at all from the source of all power ?

To make the theory complete, one would expect soul to be able to spiritualize the body ; a desire to soar

(for without this desire what shall induce the soul to leave the body, there being no power higher than itself to call it out) should cause wings to grow, as the longing to fly develops by degrees wings to the bodies of birds and insects. Departure from this world, then, should only be a spreading of new pinions ; a flight to some other and spiritual shore, whence the scent of ethereal nostrils shall lead us, — as the bird flies hither and thither, driven by the instinct of natural selection to find a congenial clime.

THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS.

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GREAT love for country and kindred are not characteristic of Genius. The great, in a measure, stand independent of affection and society, as of all prejudices or surroundings. It is part of their creed, — the sacrifice of the few for the whole, — as the grapes are bruised in the vat to give wine to a world.

Some one remarked of Goethe that he squeezed all of usefulness or enjoyment he could get out of a friend, and then threw him away, like the rind of an orange.

To the comprehensive mind, *persons* are *ideas*, and not ideas persons, — "as they often become in the hearts of women," says Richter. For an idea, he adds, when it fills and elevates man's mind, shuts it against love and "*crowds out persons*." Love, in that case, for the creature becomes as well love of the Creator, and devotion to the Right devotion to its Author.

Genius is cosmopolitan. She knows neither North nor South, nor East nor West. A universe is her country, and her home where her work is. She is an orphan, and kinless. "O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearance, hitherto. Henceforth I am truths. . . . . I appeal from your customs. I must be myself."[1]

[1] Emerson.

The poet — is he only a national poet? Is not Shakespeare ours as well as England's? Did he not lay those memorable scenes in lands he never saw, and choose his first characters amongst aliens. . . . . And was it not reserved for a foreign literati to discover the bard of Avon's greatest signs and wonders? Think you that mighty brain could tell the pulse-beat of every human heart, had not his own been an universal one. Which should the poet most prize — the harp he inherits from his mother, or the muse that enables him to string it?

The true poet is but half a *man;* and the artist who loves a woman better than his wife is not worthy of her, and it were a mock marriage. . . . . Art should be served for more than Art's sake, but must be loved for her own.

Civilized nations go to war from principle rather than for power; but am I to fight for principle for my country's sake, or for the sake of principle? A patriot who sustains his *patrie* right or wrong is no patriot; and the man that is incapable of sympathy with the cause of all peoples, whose cause is a just one, is no man. Which is greater — to be citizen of the United States, or inhabitant of the globe?

Renan expresses somewhat the same more graphically, when he says that "Christ declared politics insignificant, and revealed to the world the truth that country is not everything, and that the man is anterior and superior to the citizen."

Why do we set so much value upon Materiality as materiality?

Let us consider the insignificance of these geographical boundaries and social barriers we make so much of. What *is* this earth but a tent pitched for a night,

and the terrestrial heavens over our heads but a tessellated canopy to be rolled up and cast away? And what *are* these boundary lines but the fibres of a spider's web, that shall be dissipated at the first whiff of Eternity's breath? And these landscapes and homesteads and familiar places, so real now — will they not shortly fade out even from the memory of man?

Is there not something puerile and groveling in attaching one's self to a locality, a mountain, a river, a tree, or pile of bricks and mortar? . . . . Must not a rose smell as sweet, be it plucked in Florida or Italia? and what if there be no roses at all — what then? Rose-water cannot sweeten character or immortalize the soul. . . . . The harmonies of the universe — can you catch their sound and interpret their meaning better in one hemisphere than the other? And were you aware in your sleep last night whether you faced the east or the west? And is my book more interesting because I read it sitting in a certain corner of the room? And will it signify, a century hence, if the paper on the walls was blue or green? The one you love — do you love him or her in one place and not in another? And is not God everywhere?

In short the only part and parcel of all this world we can take away with us is ourselves; and wherever we are, *it* is.

"Blood is thicker than water:" so is mud; and they tell us the blood of man and beasts is the same. Even the *ichor* of the gods was counted colorless, not being distinguishable one from the other; and we know not a drop of human blood can enter the kingdom of heaven. And believe ye, when you meet your ancestors there,

shall they be more to you, or you to them, for having *been* your ancestors ?

The Son of Man not only declared the insignificancy of citizenship, but that of earthly ties ; and we find this most exemplified in the lives and characters of those whom Nature has created with what men call genius.

The great *need* no friends. They have the great of all ages for brethren, and the best of living companionship — themselves.

It is the vacant or trifling mind which seeks its highest enjoyment in human intercourse.

Genius, in her loneliness, might be compared to groups of grand islands lying at mid-ocean in the universal Sea of Talent, forever being washed by her waves, — rolling, rolling up their vast treasure for time and eternity.

Aye, but the great call for our pity still. . . . . It is hard to be great in a world of mediocrity ; and only the great of this world *can know of the loneliness of her great.*

THE END.

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